



No.102

A 52-PAGE
MAGAZINE



STARMAN

Adventure COMICS

FEB.
MAR.

Ten
Cents



SANDMAN

AND
SANDY

"THE
DREAM
OF
PETER
GREEN."



THE WORLD IS FULL OF DROWSY DREAMERS WHO LIVE IN A WONDER-FILLED FUTURE INSTEAD OF THE PROSAIC PRESENT ... BUT TAKE NO STEPS TO MAKE THEIR DREAMS COME TRUE! SO WHEN SANDMAN AND SANDY MEET SUCH A MAN, THEY LEND HIM A HAND... NOT KNOWING INTO WHAT PERIL THEY ARE PUTTING THEIR HEADS!

ALTHOUGH IT'S A SUNLIT, NOISY AFTERNOON, PETER GREEN STROLLS, UNMINDFUL OF THE SHRILL TEMPO OF THE CITY... ABSORBED IN DEEP THOUGHT...



FACT IS, HE'S HAVING A BEAUTIFUL DREAM, WHICH HE'S OFTEN HAD BEFORE!



SOME DAY, THOSE KIDS WILL PLAY IN A BUILDING ALL THEIR OWN- BUT NOT UNLESS I GET PEOPLE TO SIGN THESE PETITIONS TO THE CITY COUNCIL! I'D BETTER GET BUSY!



AMONG THE FIRST TO SIGN ARE WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS...

NOT A BAD IDEA, EH, WES? LITTLE KIDS HAVE PLAY- GROUNDS. WHY NOT FELLAS MY AGE?

YOU WILL SOME DAY... IF MISTER GREEN'S DREAM COMES TRUE!



THERE'S MY SIGNATURE, TOO. WE'VE SEEN SO MANY OTHER DREAMS COME TRUE, THAT I'VE GOT A LOT OF HOPE FOR THIS ONE!

DITTO, WES!

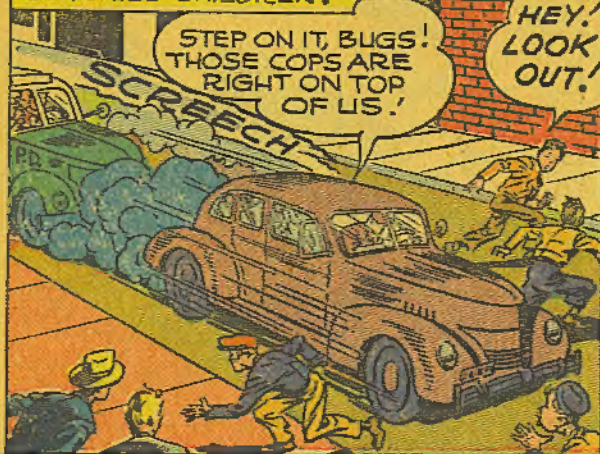


BUT NOT ALL PEOPLE ARE AS ENCOURAGING AS WES AND SANDY...

HAW, HAW! STILL WASTING TIME ON THAT FOOL PROJECT, EH, GREEN? WHY NOT MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS INSTEAD OF OTHERS?



WHILE PETER GREEN'S RETORT STILL TREMBLES ON HIS LIPS, THE AIR ABOUT THEM FILLS WITH THE SCREECH OF WHEELS AND THE CRIES OF STARTLED CHILDREN!

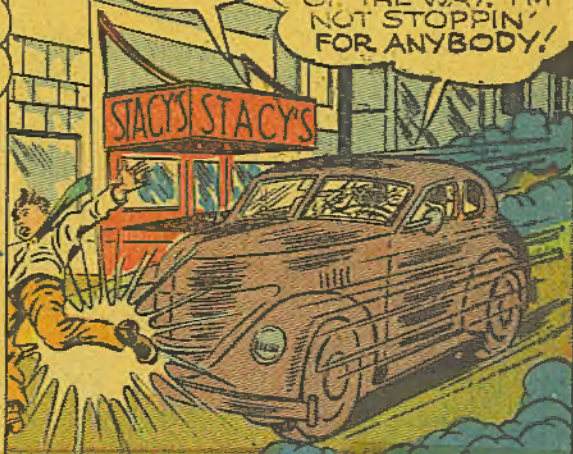


STEP ON IT, BUGS! THOSE COPS ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

HEY! LOOK OUT!

HEY! YOU HIT THAT KID!

THE LITTLE BRAT SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THE WAY! I'M NOT STOPPIN' FOR ANYBODY!



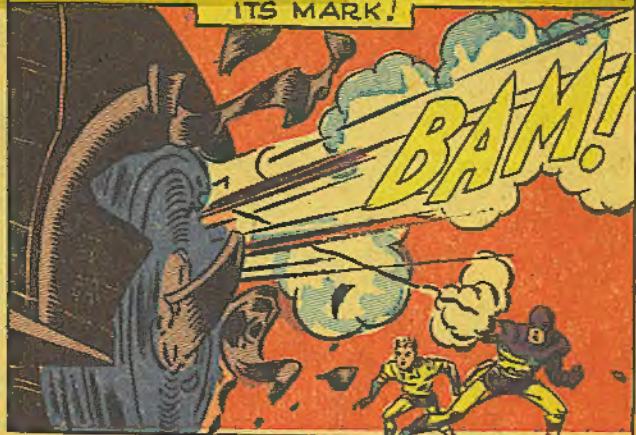
AS THE POLICE ABANDON THE CHASE TO RENDER FIRST AID... WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS UNDERGO A QUICK CHANGE...

COME ON, SANDY!

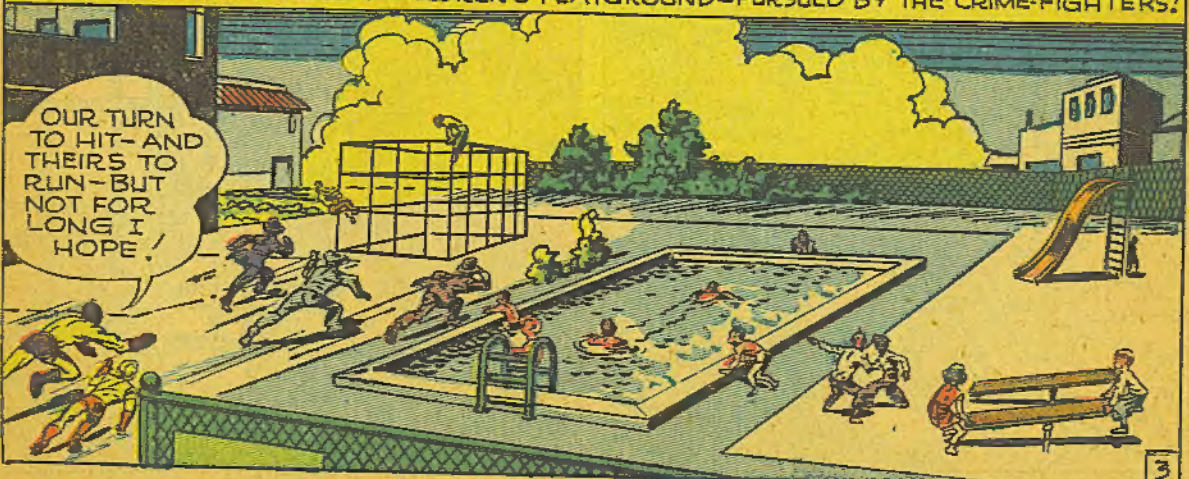
WE'RE GONNA GET THOSE HIT-AND-RUN RATS!



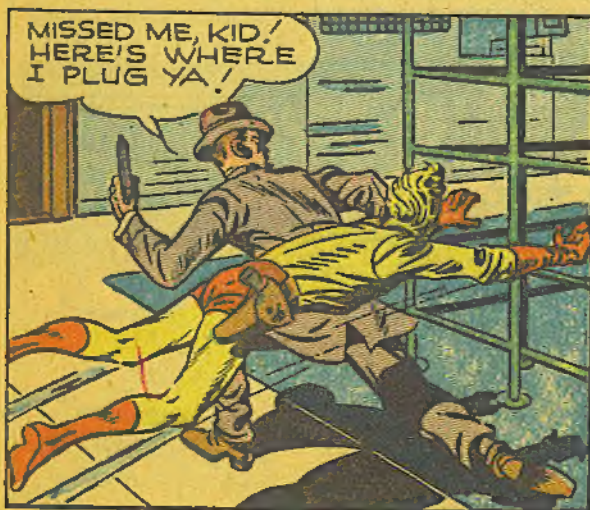
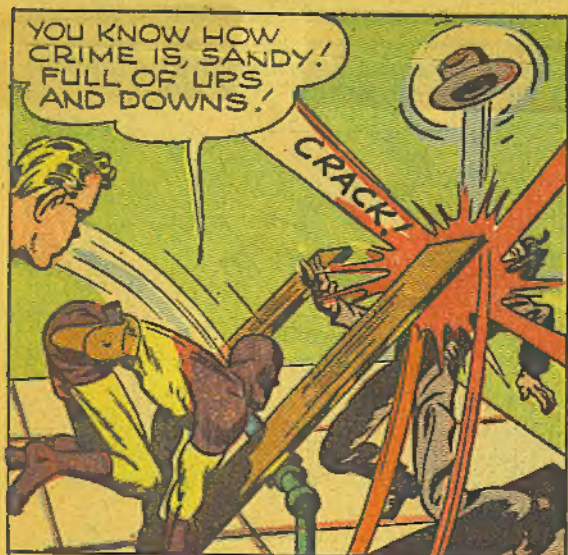
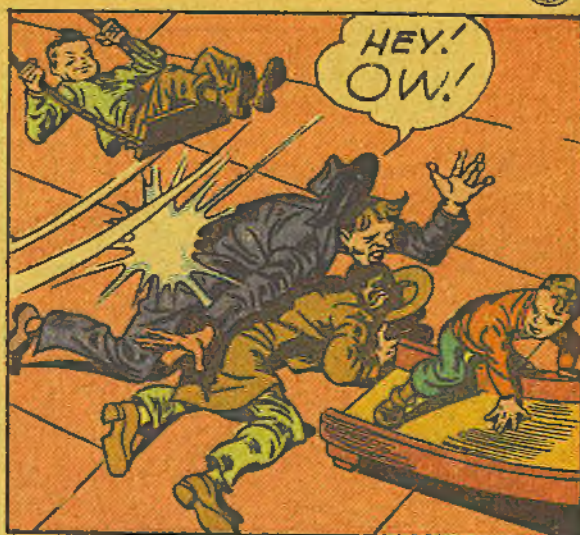
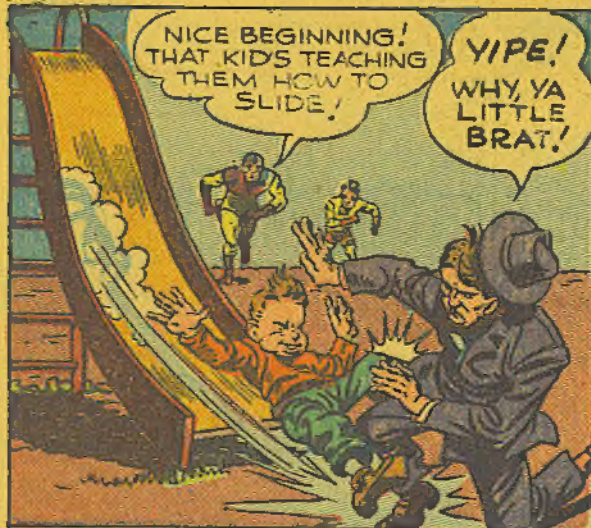
SANDMAN'S SPECIAL WEAPON, THE WIREPOON, WHIPS FIERCELY THROUGH THE AIR—AND FINDS ITS MARK!

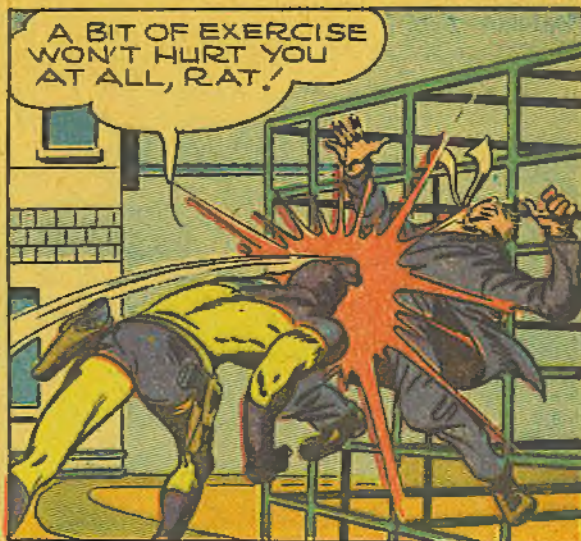


THE BLOWN TIRE FORCES THE MOBSTERS TO ABANDON THEIR CAR AND ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE ON FOOT THROUGH A NEARBY CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND—PURSUED BY THE CRIME-FIGHTERS!



OUR TURN TO HIT-AND THEIRS TO RUN—BUT NOT FOR LONG I HOPE!





PRESENTLY, AFTER A SERIES OF UNREHEARSED ACROBATICS, PEACE REIGNS AGAIN IN THE PLAYGROUND.



MEANWHILE, A CROWD HAS GATHERED TO CHEER THE GOLDEN PAIR.

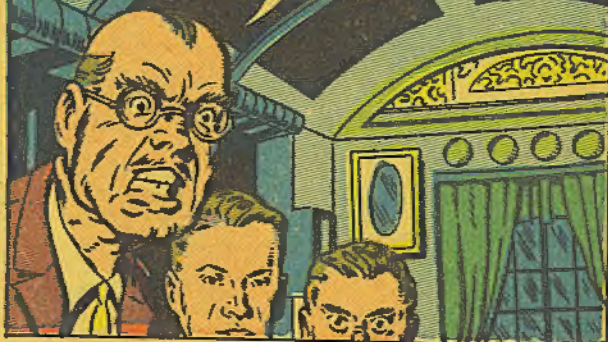


SANDMAN'S WORDS PROVE CORRECT! THE CITY'S LAWMAKERS ARE HARD AND STUBBORN.

...AND I SAY IT CAN'T BE DONE! WE WON'T SPEND THE TAXPAYERS' MONEY ON A BUILDING FOR CHILDREN! OUR BUDGET AT PRESENT WON'T PERMIT IT!



COUNCILMAN CORRIGAN IS RIGHT! BESIDES, IT'S UP TO THE PARENTS THEMSELVES TO KEEP THEIR CHILDREN OFF THE STREETS - NOT US!



THE CARELESS PARENTS COUNT ON CITY MONEY TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR MISTAKES! I'M AGAINST THIS PROPOSAL!

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LOOK AT IT THAT WAY—

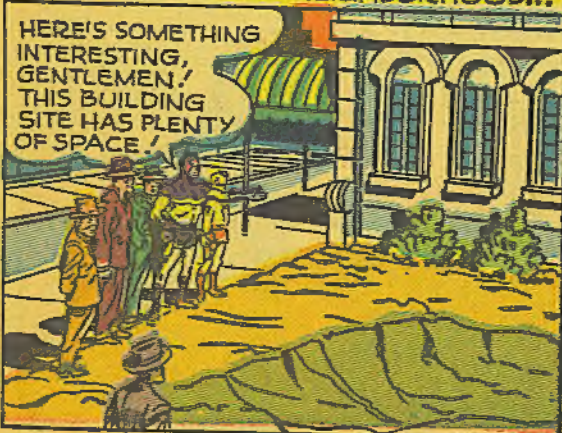


—SO I'M GOING TO INVEST A LITTLE TIME IN EDUCATION—
YOUR EDUCATION!



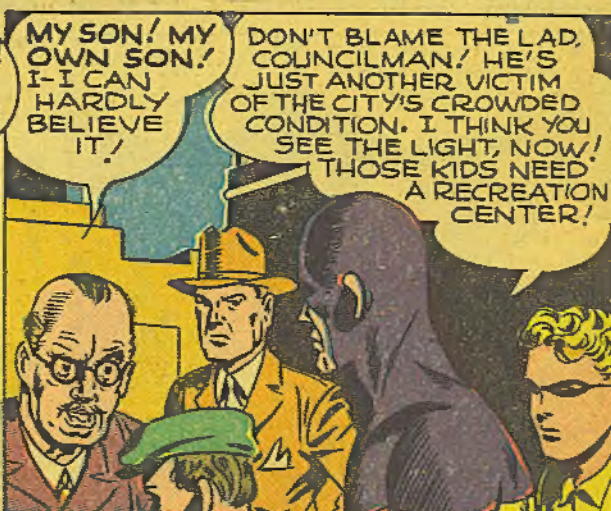
UPON THE SANDMAN'S SUGGESTION, SOME MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL FOLLOW HIM TO A "BETTER CLASS" NEIGHBORHOOD...

HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING, GENTLEMEN! THIS BUILDING SITE HAS PLENTY OF SPACE!



YES, SPACE! ROOM TO PLAY! THAT'S WHY THE KIDS FLOCK HERE FROM OTHER SECTIONS OF TOWN—AND FIGHT EACH OTHER FOR THE RIGHT TO USE IT!





A QUICK SEARCH FOR THE ENDANGERED MAN ENDS NEAR A CITY LANDMARK!



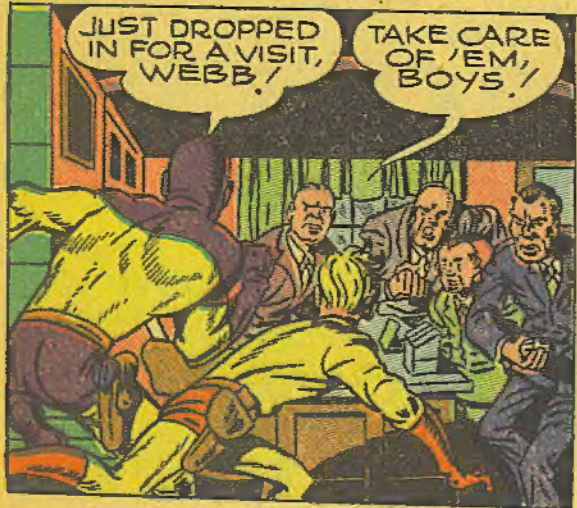
GREEN WAS SEEN ENTERING THAT BUILDING, SANDY!—AND HE HASN'T COME OUT! WEBB BUILT IT AND HAS HIS OFFICE THERE!

MEANWHILE, IN WEBB'S OFFICE ...



I WARNED YOU TO KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS!

B-BUT IT IS MY BUSINESS! THOSE CHILDREN MUST HAVE A BUILDING THAT IS SAFE TO BE IN!



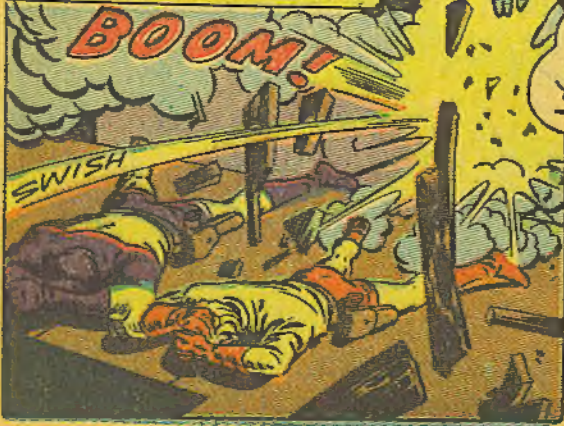
JUST DROPPED IN FOR A VISIT, WEBB!

TAKE CARE OF 'EM, BOYS!



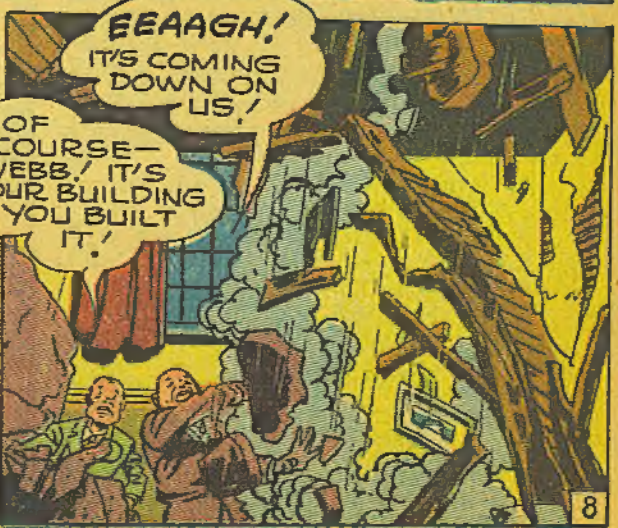
I WUZ GONNA USE DIS GRENADE ON GREEN, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I FOUND BETTER SUBJECTS!

THE SANDMAN AND SANDY REACT LIKE SEASONED COMBAT TROOPS—THEY HIT THE FLOOR AS THE DEADLY MISSILE HISSES BY.



BOOM!

SWISH



EEAAGH!

IT'S COMING DOWN ON US!

OF COURSE—WEBB! IT'S YOUR BUILDING—YOU BUILT IT!



ALL PATHWAYS OF ESCAPE FROM THE COLLAPSING WALLS AND CEILING ARE QUICKLY SEALED BY THE FALLING DEBRIS!

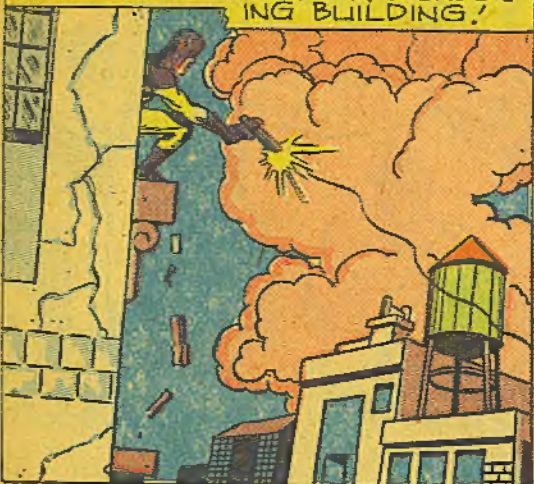
WE'LL ALL BE KILLED IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING! LET'S FORGET WE'RE ENEMIES AND WORK TOGETHER!



HOW NICE AND REASONABLE YOU BOYS HAVE BECOME! ALL THE SAME I DON'T TRUST YOU—SO I'M TAKING YOUR GUNS AND AMMUNITION BEFORE I GET US OUT!



PRESENTLY, SANDMAN'S WIREPOON HISSES ACROSS SPACE TO IMBED ITSELF IN THE BRICKS OF A NEIGHBORING BUILDING!



ONE BY ONE, THE MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO SAFETY!

I'M KEEPING ONE OF YOUR MEN HERE TO GO LAST, WEBB—JUST IN CASE YOU GET IDEAS!

THAT ISN'T NECESSARY, SANDMAN—YOU CAN TRUST ME!



BUT AS SOON AS HE'S SAFELY ACROSS, WEBB REVERTS TO TYPE.

GRAB 'EM, RATS! HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FINISH THE SANDMAN WHILE HE'S CROSSING OVER!

I GOT 'EM, BOSS!



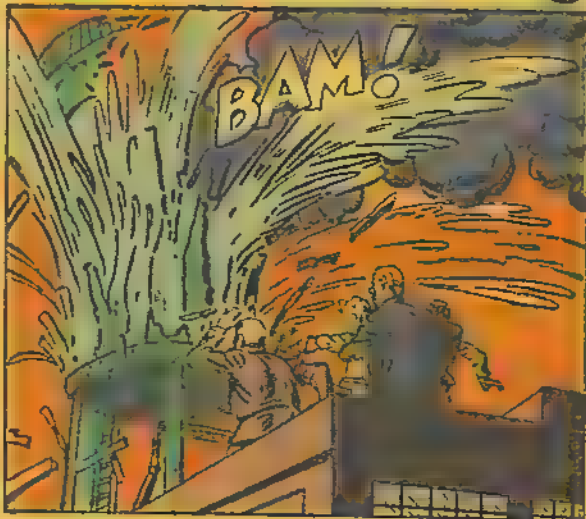
I THOUGHT WEBB WOULD PULL SOMETHING LIKE THAT! LUCKY I FOUND THIS PINEAPPLE IN HIS OFFICE!





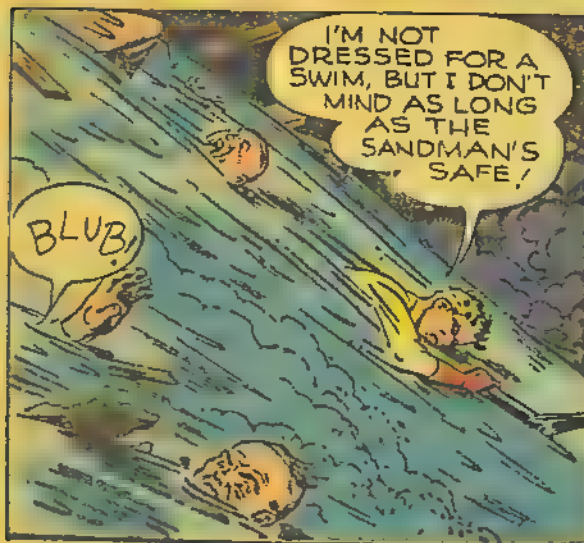
THE SANDMAN HEAVES THE WELL-AIMED GRENADE AT THE WATER TOWER ABOVE THE GROUP ON THE OPPOSITE ROOF.

WELL, HERE GOES. I HATE TO GIVE SANDY THIS SHOWER, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE RATS!



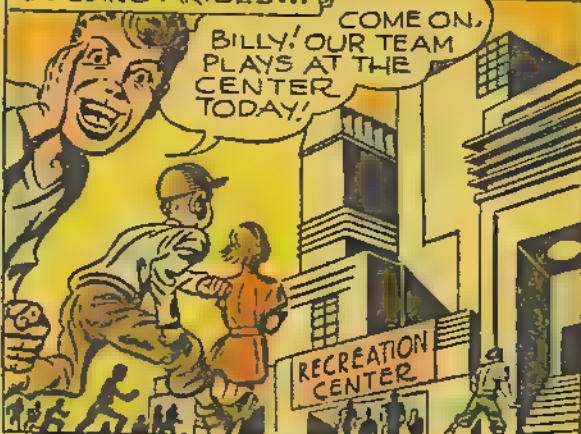
I'M NOT DRESSED FOR A SWIM, BUT I DON'T MIND AS LONG AS THE SANDMAN'S SAFE!

BLUB!



WITH THE CHEATING CONTRACTOR EXPOSED, AT LAST PETER GREEN'S DREAM COMES TRUE! A STURDILY CONSTRUCTED, NEW BUILDING ARISES...

COME ON, BILLY! OUR TEAM PLAYS AT THE CENTER TODAY!



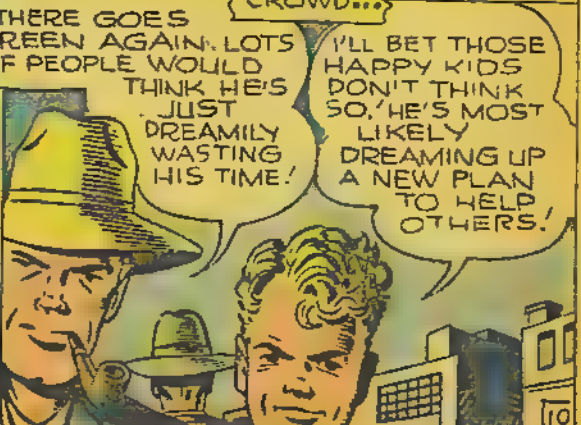
WHILE THE LITTLE MAN WHO HELPED MAKE IT POSSIBLE MODESTLY GOES HIS WAY...



ONLY TWO PAIR OF KNOWING EYES WATCH THIS REMARKABLE LITTLE CHARACTER AS HE STROLLS DREAMILY THROUGH THE CROWD...

THERE GOES GREEN AGAIN! LOTS OF PEOPLE WOULD THINK HE'S JUST DREAMILY WASTING HIS TIME!

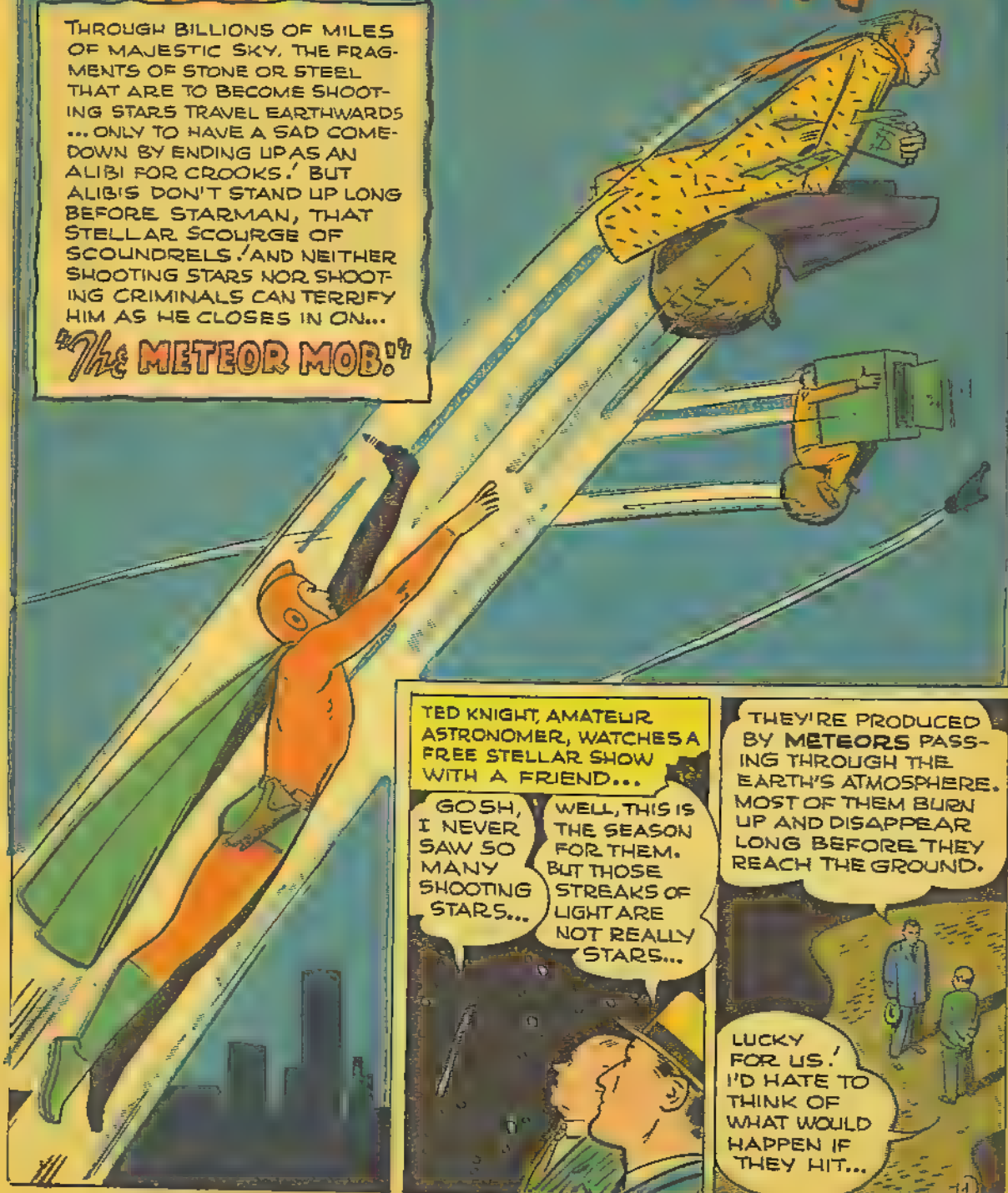
I'LL BET THOSE HAPPY KIDS DON'T THINK SO. HE'S MOST LIKELY DREAMING UP A NEW PLAN TO HELP OTHERS!



STARMAN

THROUGH BILLIONS OF MILES OF MAJESTIC SKY, THE FRAGMENTS OF STONE OR STEEL THAT ARE TO BECOME SHOOTING STARS TRAVEL EARTHWARDS ... ONLY TO HAVE A SAD COMEDOWN BY ENDING UP AS AN ALIBI FOR CROOKS. BUT ALIBIS DON'T STAND UP LONG BEFORE STARMAN, THAT STELLAR SCOURGE OF SCOUNDRELS, AND NEITHER SHOOTING STARS NOR SHOOTING CRIMINALS CAN TERRIFY HIM AS HE CLOSES IN ON...

"The METEOR MOB!"



TED KNIGHT, AMATEUR ASTRONOMER, WATCHES A FREE STELLAR SHOW WITH A FRIEND...

GOSH, I NEVER SAW SO MANY SHOOTING STARS...

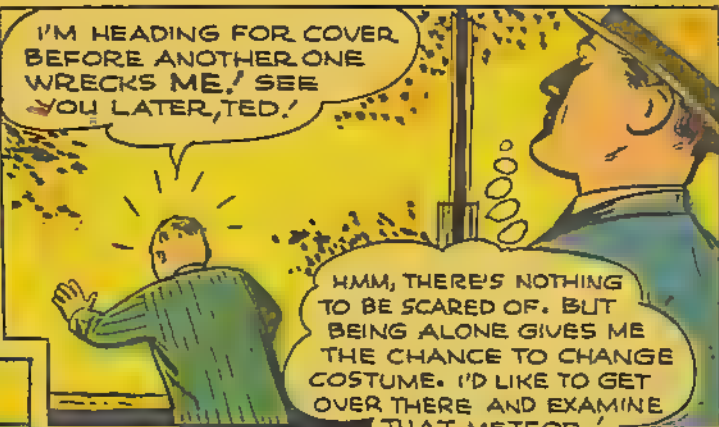
WELL, THIS IS THE SEASON FOR THEM. BUT THOSE STREAKS OF LIGHT ARE NOT REALLY STARS...

THEY'RE PRODUCED BY METEORS PASSING THROUGH THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. MOST OF THEM BURN UP AND DISAPPEAR LONG BEFORE THEY REACH THE GROUND.

LUCKY FOR US! I'D HATE TO THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THEY HIT...

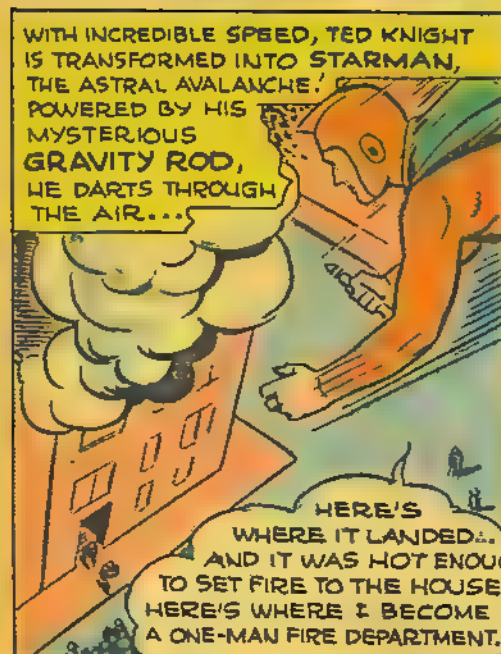


SAY, ONE DID HIT! SOUNDS LIKE IT WRECKED A HOUSE!



I'M HEADING FOR COVER BEFORE ANOTHER ONE WRECKS ME! SEE YOU LATER, TED!

HMM, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF. BUT BEING ALONE GIVES ME THE CHANCE TO CHANGE COSTUME. I'D LIKE TO GET OVER THERE AND EXAMINE THAT METEOR.



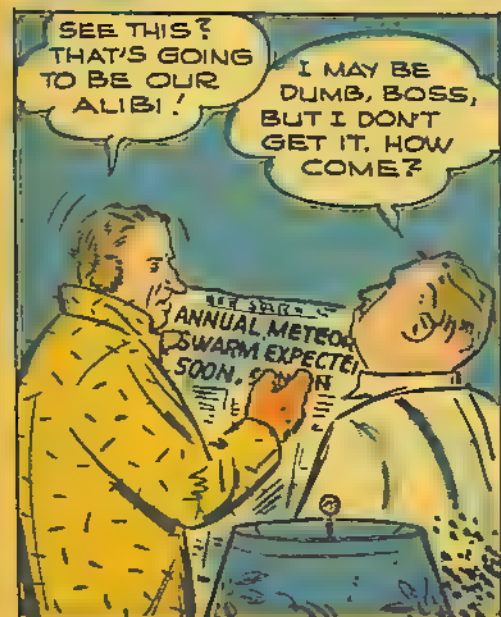
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, TED KNIGHT IS TRANSFORMED INTO STARMAN, THE ASTRAL AVALANCHE! POWERED BY HIS MYSTERIOUS GRAVITY ROD, HE DARTS THROUGH THE AIR...

BUT WHILE THE STELLAR CRIME-CRUSHER IS BATTLING THE FLAMES... LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF METEOR THIS ACTUALLY WAS! SOME TIME BEFORE...

SHIVER, WE BETTER THINK OF A NEW RACKET FOR THIS HOT WEATHER. SOMETHING THAT DON'T TAKE TOO MUCH ENERGY!

YOU CALL THIS HOT WEATHER? BRRR, I'M FREEZING! BUT ALL THE SAME I HAVE A NEW RACKET FOR YOU.

HERE'S WHERE IT LANDED... AND IT WAS NOT ENOUGH TO SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE. HERE'S WHERE I BECAME A ONE-MAN FIRE DEPARTMENT!



SEE THIS? THAT'S GOING TO BE OUR ALIBI!

I MAY BE DUMB, BOSS, BUT I DON'T GET IT. HOW COME?

ANNUAL METEOR SWARM EXPECTED SOON.

YOU ARE DUMB, BUT I'LL EXPLAIN! EVERY NOW AND THEN A METEOR LANDS. WELL, WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF IT LANDED ON A BANK OR JEWELRY STORE, WHILE WE WERE AROUND?

SURE IT WOULD BE NICE! BUT WOULDN'T THAT BE KIND OF A COINCIDENCE, BOSS?

COINCIDENCE? DON'T BE A FOOL! THE METEORS WILL LAND WHERE WE WANT THEM, BECAUSE... WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT OUR OWN!



SOUNDS AMBITIOUS, DOESN'T IT? BUT SHORTLY...

HERE WE ARE, FROM REASONABLY CLOSE RANGE, WE CAN HIT ANY HOUSE WE AIM AT WITH THIS STONE SHELL. AND WHEN IT EXPLODES...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT A LOTTA STONE FRAGMENTS... AND EVERYBODY THINKS IT WAS A METEOR! BOSS, I BOW TO YOUR SUPERIOR GENIUS.

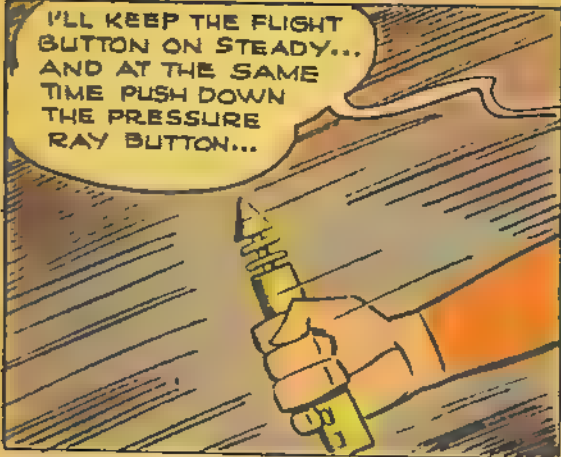


WHICH EXPLAINS WHY STARMAN NOW HAS SUCH A TERRIFIC JOB ON HIS HANDS! AS THE FLAMES SPREAD...

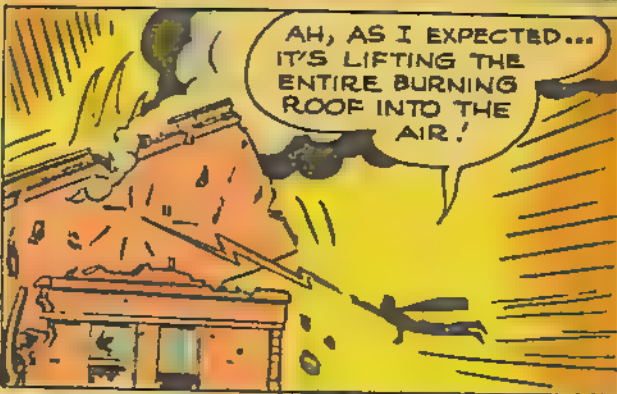


NO USE TRYING TO PUT THIS FIRE OUT THE USUAL WAY. I'LL HAVE TO USE MY GRAVITY ROD...

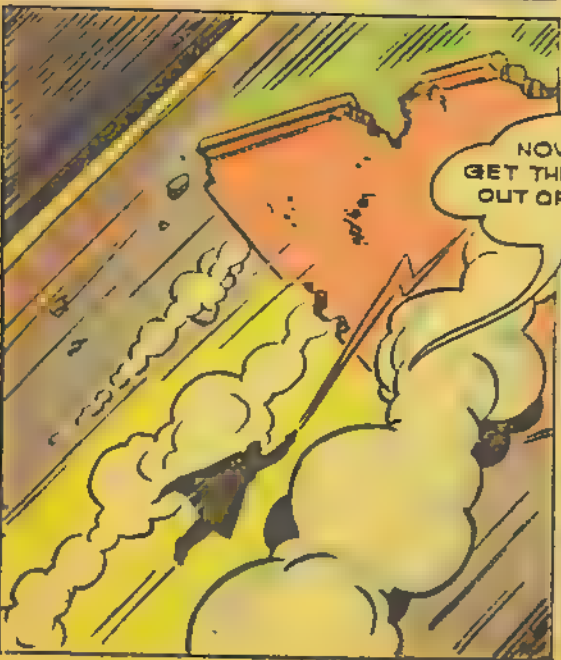
I'LL KEEP THE FLIGHT BUTTON ON STEADY... AND AT THE SAME TIME PUSH DOWN THE PRESSURE RAY BUTTON...



AH, AS I EXPECTED... IT'S LIFTING THE ENTIRE BURNING ROOF INTO THE AIR!



NOW TO GET THE FLAMES OUT OF HERE...



... AND DUNK THEM IN THIS LAKE, TO PREVENT THEM FROM DOING FURTHER HARM.





THEN,
AS THE
ASTRAL
AVENGER
RETURNS
TO THE
SCENE
OF THE
CRIME...

THANKS FOR PUTTING
OUT THE FIRE, STARMAN
... TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T
PUT IT OUT BEFORE IT
BURNED UP THE
PAYROLL I HAD
IN THIS SAFE.

SORRY,
I DIDN'T
KNOW THERE
WAS A PAYROLL
AROUND. I CAME
HERE BECAUSE
OF MY INTEREST
IN THE METEOR.

THIS
SEEMS TO
BE A PIECE
OF IT...!
HMMM...

THIS CONTAINS
SANDSTONE... AND
NO SCIENTISTS EVER
FOUND THAT IN A
METEOR. THIS ISN'T
DENMARK... BUT
THERE'S SOMETHING
VERY ROTTEN
HERE!

SANDSTONE
COULD HAVE COME
ONLY FROM EARTH...
NOT THE SKY... THERE-
FORE THAT WASN'T A REAL
METEOR AT ALL! I'LL
PROWL AROUND OVERHEAD...
MAYBE ANOTHER ONE WILL
STRIKE!

A SHREWD GUESS, STARMAN!
NOT LONG AFTERWARDS...

THERE IT IS! THIS
TIME I'M GOING TO BE ON
THE SCENE IN THE SHAKE
OF A COMET'S TAIL!

BOOM!

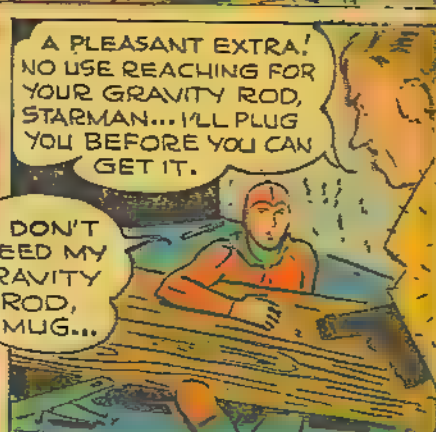
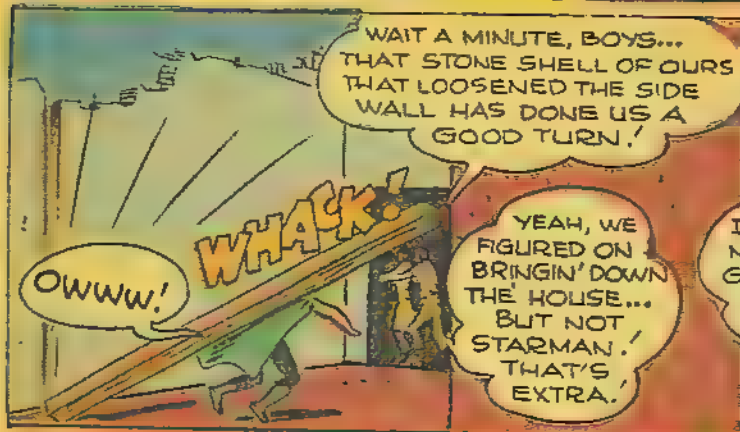
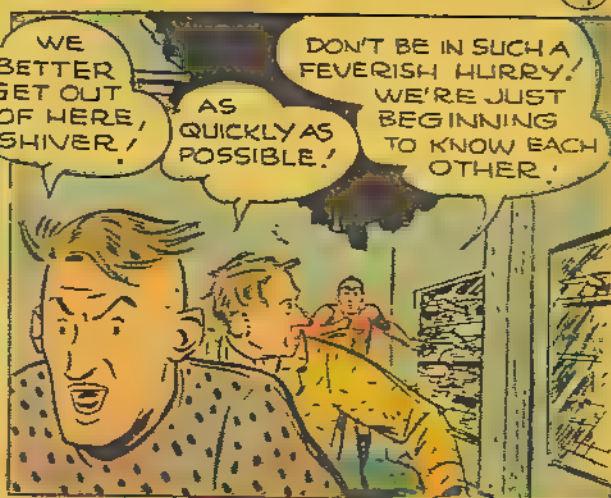
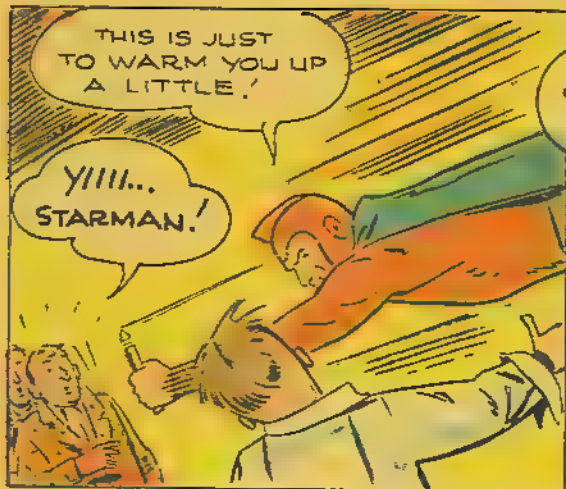
HEY, BOSS...
IT DIDN'T SET
A FIRE THIS
TIME.

THIS
METEOR HAS
A VOICE!

I'LL SET THE FIRE
MYSELF... NOT ONLY
BECAUSE WE'RE BEING
PAID TO DESTROY THIS
PLACE FOR THE INSUR-
ANCE, BUT BECAUSE I
LIKE FIRES. THEY
KEEP ME WARM.

THAT
WON'T BE
NECESSARY,
RAT... I'LL
PUT THE
HEAT ON
YOU!

MODEL PLANES





COME ON, BOSS, LET'S GET TO OUR CAR. WE CAN'T GET THE BETTER OF THAT GUY... ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S FREE!

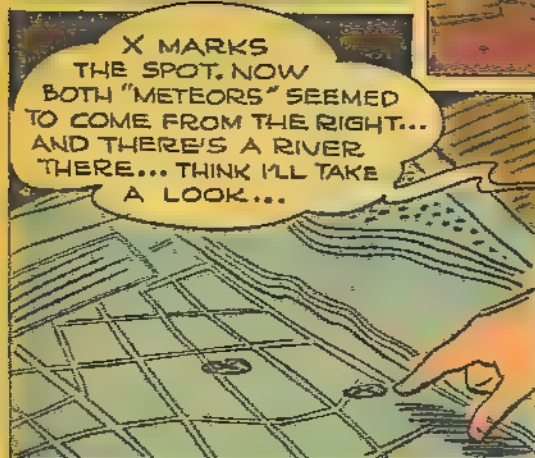
SUCH COMPLIMENTS! NO WONDER I LIKE TO STAY CLOSE TO YOU FELLOWS!



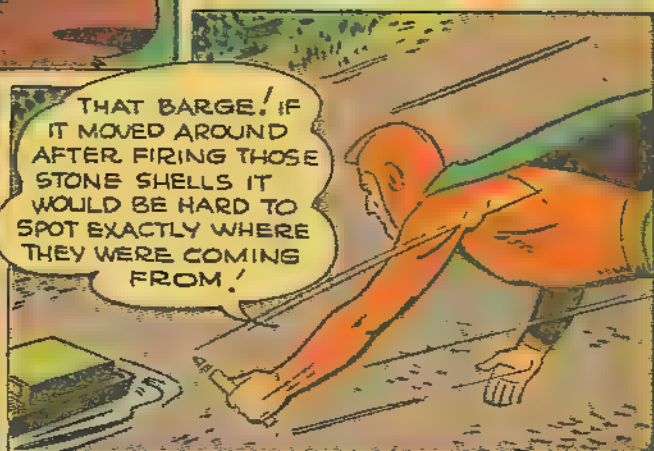
BUT I CAN'T FOLLOW NOW... MY GRAVITY ROD IS OUT OF ORDER FROM THAT FALL. I'LL HAVE TO FIX IT FIRST!



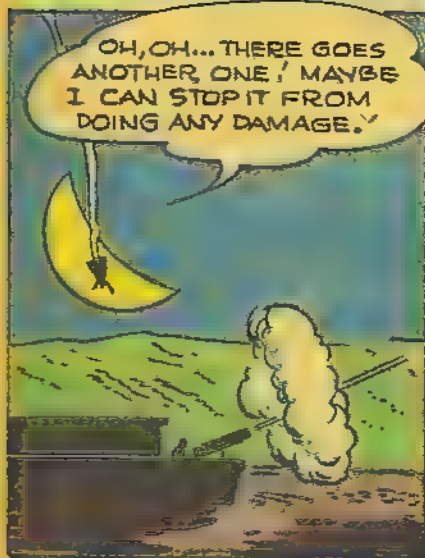
PRESENTLY, AFTER RAPID WORK... NOW TO FIND THOSE CROOKS AGAIN. I'LL MARK DOWN THE PLACES WHERE THE TWO FAKE "METEORS" LANDED...



X MARKS THE SPOT. NOW BOTH "METEORS" SEEMED TO COME FROM THE RIGHT... AND THERE'S A RIVER THERE... THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK...



THAT BARGE! IF IT MOVED AROUND AFTER FIRING THOSE STONE SHELLS IT WOULD BE HARD TO SPOT EXACTLY WHERE THEY WERE COMING FROM!



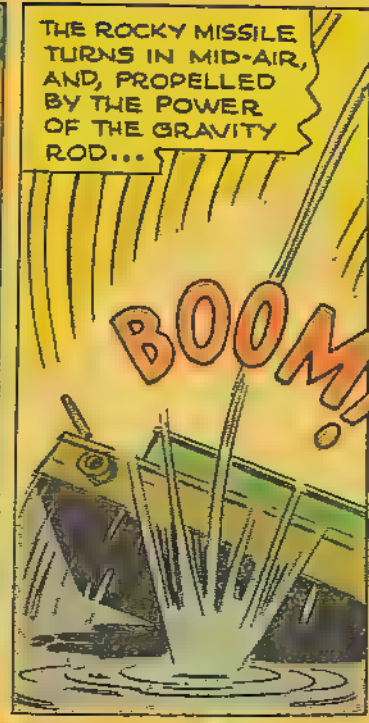
OH, OH... THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE! MAYBE I CAN STOP IT FROM DOING ANY DAMAGE.



WHEW, THIS CALLS FOR SPEED... BUT I'M SLOWLY GAINING!

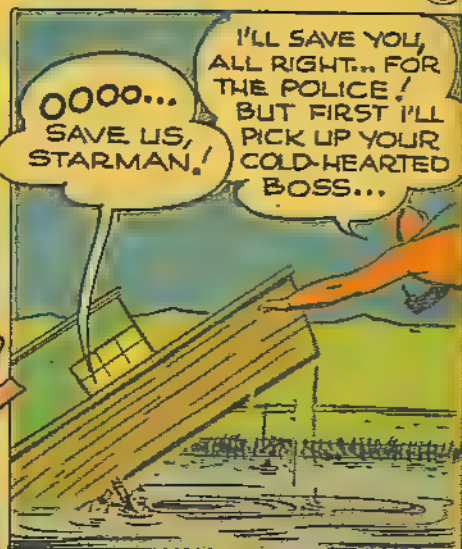


REVERSE,
MY STONY
FRIEND,
REVERSE!



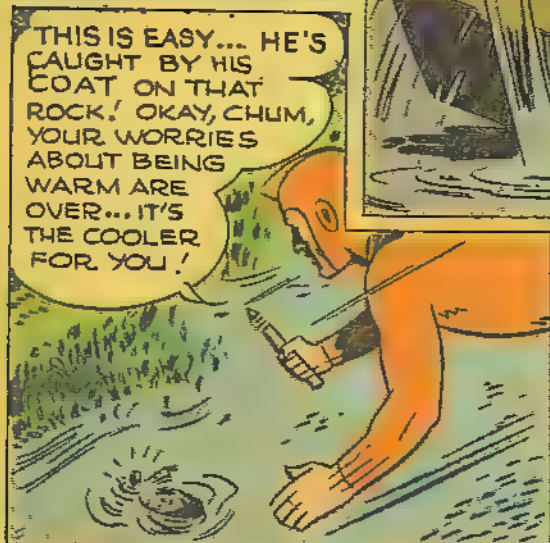
THE ROCKY MISSILE
TURNS IN MID-AIR,
AND, PROPELLED
BY THE POWER
OF THE GRAVITY
ROD...

BOOM!



OOOO...
SAVE US,
STARMAN!

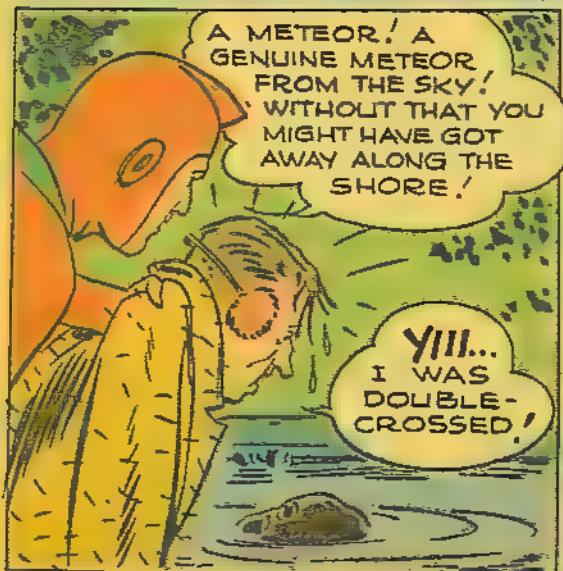
I'LL SAVE YOU,
ALL RIGHT... FOR
THE POLICE!
BUT FIRST I'LL
PICK UP YOUR
COLD-HEARTED
BOSS...



THIS IS EASY... HE'S
CAUGHT BY HIS
COAT ON THAT
ROCK! OKAY, CHUM,
YOUR WORRIES
ABOUT BEING
WARM ARE
OVER... IT'S
THE COOLER
FOR YOU!

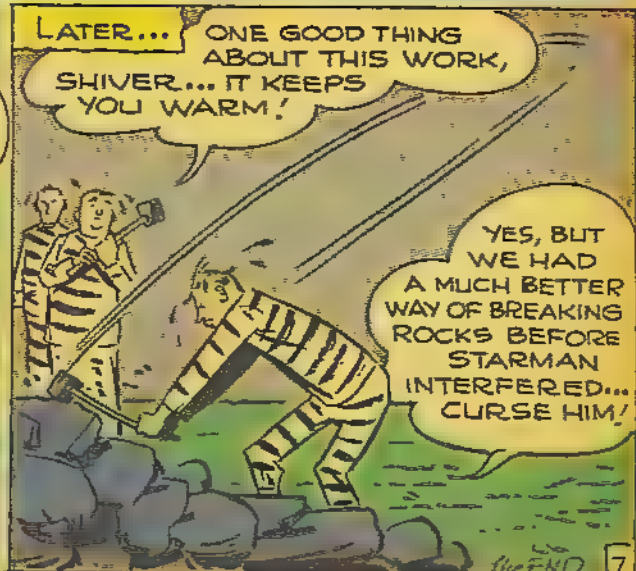


WELL,
OF ALL
THINGS! KNOW
WHAT THAT ROCK
IS THAT YOU
WERE CAUGHT
ON?



A METEOR! A
GENUINE METEOR
FROM THE SKY!
WITHOUT THAT YOU
MIGHT HAVE GOT
AWAY ALONG THE
SHORE!

YIII...
I WAS
DOUBLE-
CROSSED!



LATER... ONE GOOD THING
ABOUT THIS WORK,
SHIVER... IT KEEPS
YOU WARM!

YES, BUT
WE HAD
A MUCH BETTER
WAY OF BREAKING
ROCKS BEFORE
STARMAN
INTERFERED...
CURSE HIM!



EVERYBODY HAS HEARD OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE. HERE IS THE STORY OF ANOTHER KING ARTHUR—WHOSE ROUND TABLE WASN'T ON THE SQUARE. HE'S "KING ARTIE"—AN UNDERWORLD BARON WHO MIXES KNIGHTHOOD AND HOODS TO MAKE A PAYING PROPOSITION! YES, WHEN ARTIE COMBINES HIS NEW FOUND POSITION AS MOB MONARCH WITH SOME VERY OLD METHODS BORROWED FROM THE SHINING KNIGHT HIMSELF, THE LOOT ROLLS IN!... UNTIL THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY GETS WIND OF THE AMAZING GOINGS-ON... AND RISKS HIS NECK TO MAKE AN UNWELCOME VISIT TO...

KING "ARTIE'S" CRIME COURT!

IN THE SWANK HIDEOUT OF A SUAVE SCOUNDREL, BIG ARTIE, THE SHINING KNIGHT FINDS AN UNEXPECTED ADMIRER...

BOYS, I DON'T LIKE THAT KNIGHT GUY, BUT YOU HAVE TO GIVE HIM CREDIT... HE'S GOT PLENTY ON THE BALL!

DAILY STAR

CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY CRACKS ANOTHER CRIME RING!

THAT'S THE THIRD GANG HE'S SMASHED IN A WEEK!

YEAH, BOSS, HE'S FILLED SO MANY CELLS DAT DERE'S A HOUSING SHORTAGE IN DA JAIL!





DON'T WORRY, GAS-PIPE... IT'LL NEVER AFFECT US.' THE KNIGHT'S AN OLD-TIMER WHO USES MODERN WAYS. WELL, WE'RE MODERN—SO WE'LL TAKE A TIP FROM HIM AND USE OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS.'



HOW OLD-FASHIONED NO ONE SUSPECTS—NOT EVEN THE SHINING KNIGHT HIMSELF, IN HIS IDENTITY AS JUSTIN, ASSISTANT AT THE MUSEUM ...

A STRANGE AD—PUT IN BY A COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES, NO DOUBT.



NO, JUSTIN, IT WAS PUT IN BY A COLLECTOR OF LOOT.' SOME TIME LATER ...

GEE, BOSS, DESE SURE ARE SNAPPY OUTFITS

THEY FIT THE FORM—AND CONCEAL THE FACE, AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY'RE BULLET-PROOF.' NOT BAD, EH, BOYS?



NOW WE'LL SETTLE DOWN AROUND OUR ROUND TABLE, AND PLAN A FEW ADVENTURES ... OR MAYHAP, SHOULD I SAY, JOBS?



MAYHAP, BOSS, I MEAN, KING ARTIE.' HA, HA, HA!

WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS, I TROW I WAS FORGETTING SOMETHING... THERE'S A CEREMONY I'VE GOT TO PERFORM FIRST,!



AND SO, WITH POMP AND DIGNITY, THE NEWLY CROWNED KING ARTIE ELEVATES HIS MEN IN RANK,!

WITH THIS TOMMY-GUN, I DUB THEE KNIGHT! ARISE, SIR GASPIPE GROGAN,!



T'ANKS, ME, LIEGE LORD,!

PRESENTLY...

NOW BE WE ALL KNIGHTS,!

VERILY, SO WHAT JOB ARE WE GONNA PULL FOIST?





METHINKS A JEWELRY STORE WOULD BE A GOOD BET!

PER-ADVENTURE IT WOULD BE BETTER TO START OFF WID A BANK!

BY MY HALIDOME, THESE BE BOTH GOOD IDEAS! TO THEE, SIR GASPIE I GRANT THE ADVENTURE OF THE BANK, AND TO THEE, SIR LOPEAR, THAT OF THE JEWELRY STORE!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, SUCCESSFUL CRIME FOLLOWS CRIME ...

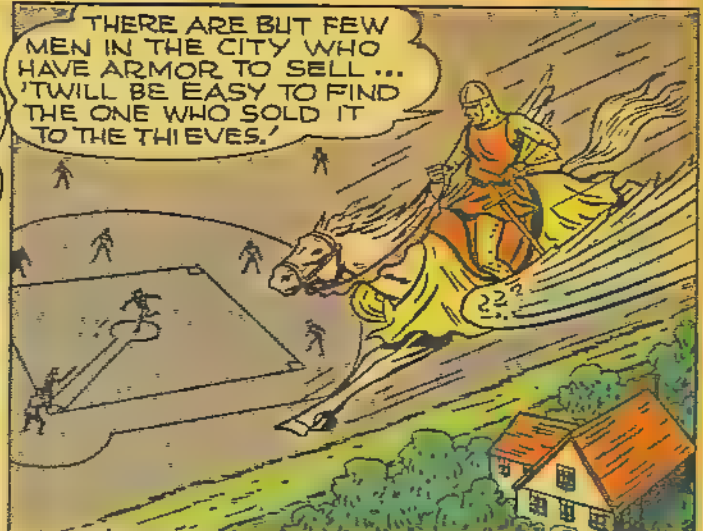
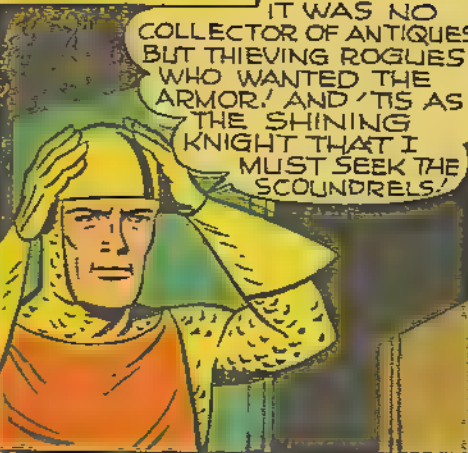
FORSOOTH, DESE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF ME ARMOR LIKE I WAS SUPERMAN! DIS IS A PLEASURE!



AND JUSTIN HAS OCCASION TO CHANGE HIS MIND... AND HIS COSTUME.

IT WAS NO COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES, BUT THIEVING ROGUES WHO WANTED THE ARMOR! AND 'TIS AS THE SHINING KNIGHT THAT I MUST SEEK THE SCOUNDRELS!

THERE ARE BUT FEW MEN IN THE CITY WHO HAVE ARMOR TO SELL ... 'T'WILL BE EASY TO FIND THE ONE WHO SOLD IT TO THE THIEVES!



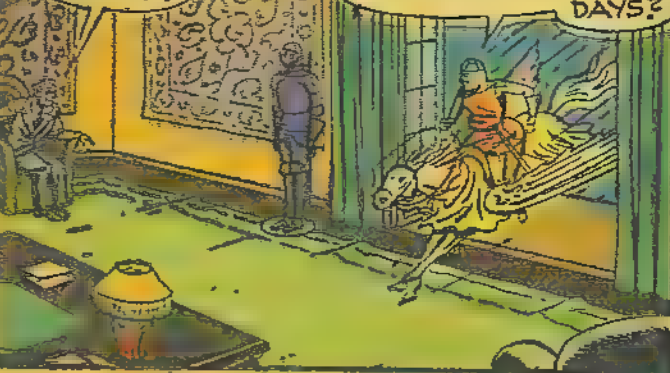
SOON, AT A ONCE WEALTHY MANSION ...

MY LAST SUIT OF ARMOR! NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO HARD UP I'D HAVE TO SELL THE OTHERS!

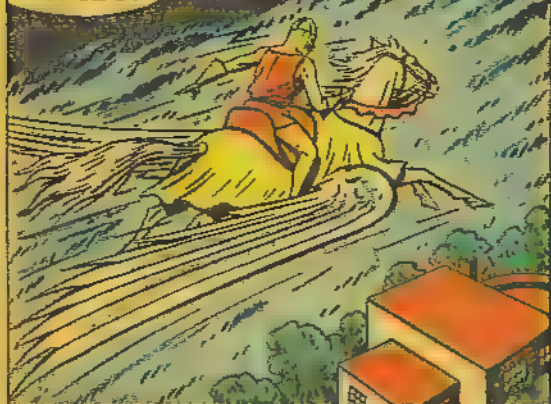
HOLA, FRIEND, I SEEK THY AID! DOST RECALL WHO HAS BOUGHT THY ARMOR THESE PAST DAYS?

I DON'T KNOW THE FELLOW'S NAME, BUT HE WAS TALL AND WELL-DRESSED AND SMOKED A CIGARETTE IN A HOLDER!

HM! IT MIGHT BE THE ROGUE KNOWN AS BIG ARTIE! I SHALL SEEK HIM AT ONCE!



'TIS REPORTED THAT THE VARLET HAS BEEN SEEN HERE, WHERE MANY WEALTHY FOLKS DWELL!



YES, ARTIE ISN'T FAR AWAY. FOR AT AN UNUSUAL ANIMAL FASHION SHOW ARE PATRONS WELL WORTH ROBBING!

MY DEAR, WHAT AN ORIGINAL CREATION!

IT WOULD LOOK STUNNING ON MY FIDO!



AND WHAT A GORGEOUS CHAPEAU!



AT THIS MOMENT... A CRUDE INTERRUPTION...

OKAY, FAIR LADIES... VERILY, DA PAGEANT IS OVER!

YEAH, METHINKS YA BETTER HAND OVER YER JEWELS!

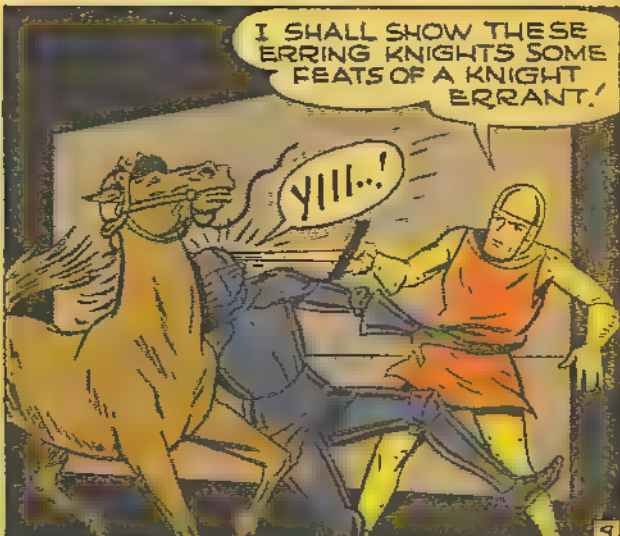


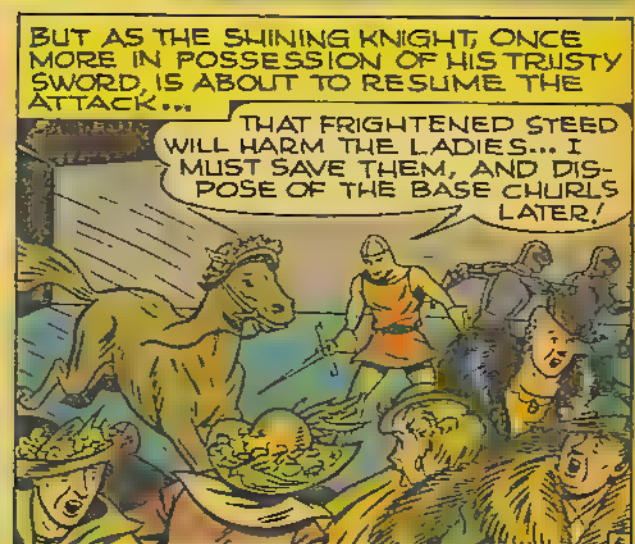
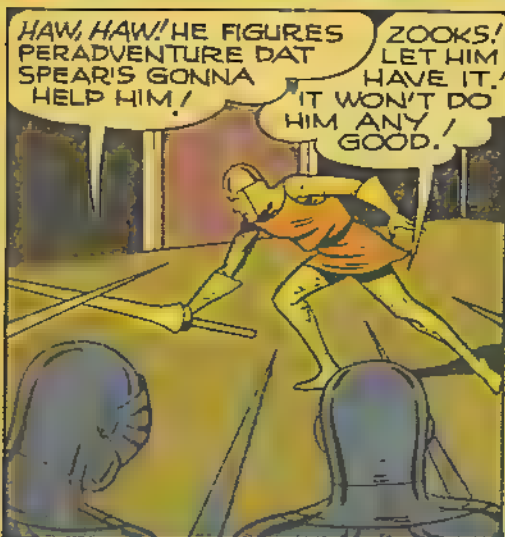
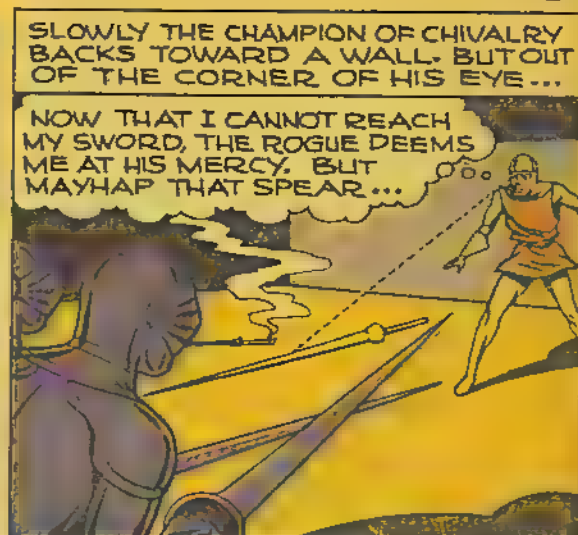
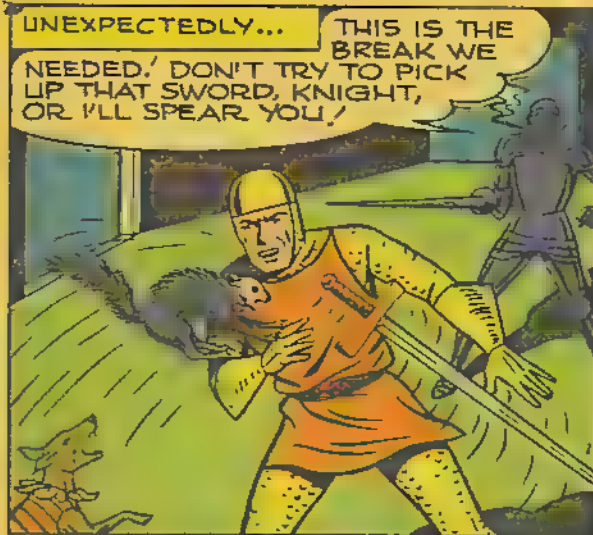
BUT NOW IT'S THE MAN OF YESTERDAY'S TURN TO INTERRUPT!

YOU ERR GRIEVOUSLY, ROGUES... THE EXHIBITION BUT NOW BEGINS!



I SHALL SHOW THESE ERRING KNIGHTS SOME FEATS OF A KNIGHT ERRANT!







THE CRIMINALS TAKE QUICK ADVANTAGE OF THEIR LUCK...

WE BETTER MOVE FAST, BOSS... 'TIS A SAFE BET DA COP-PERS HAVE HOID DA NOISE AND ARE

GONNA BE HERE. LET THEM COME, SIR GASPIPE... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.

SHORTLY, AS THE POLICE PURSUE...

THIS OLD-FASHIONED CATAPULT SURE WAS A GOOD IDEA! THOSE COPPERS WILL KEEP THEIR DISTANCE NOW.

YIII...

BUT PRESENTLY... THE THIEVES ARE CAUGHT WITH THEIR BRIDGES UP!

WHAT DO WE NOW, BOSS? WE CAN'T HOLD OFF THOSE COPS FOREVER, I FEAR ME!

WORRY NOT, SIR LOPEARS... I'M PREPARED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES!

SECONDS LATER...

SAY, THIS CATAPULT IDEA IS REALLY SOMETHING!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, CLANCY? AND I THOUGHT WE HAD THE RATS THIS TIME!

MEANWHILE, SIR JUSTIN HAS BROUGHT THE RAMPAGING RUNAWAY UNDER CONTROL...

HE IS CALM NOW, FAIR LADIES, YE NEED FEAR HIM NO LONGER!

OH, THANK YOU, KNIGHT, YOU'RE SO GALLANT!

NOW FOR THE WRETCHES WHO ESCAPED ME... HA, WHAT IS THAT?



A TICKET TO TODAY'S HORSE-RACES! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM THE POCKET OF THE ROGUE I STRUCK! THEN I WILL FIND THEM AT THE RACETRACK!



RIGHT, KNIGHT! SOON, IN A SUPPOSEDLY DESERTED OFFICE...

BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS FAST! AFTER WE GET IN THE TRACK, WE'LL JUST ROB THOSE PEOPLE IN THE BOXES, AND RUN!

OKAY WITH ME, KING ARTIE! THAT LAST ESCAPE WE HAD WAS TOO NARROW!



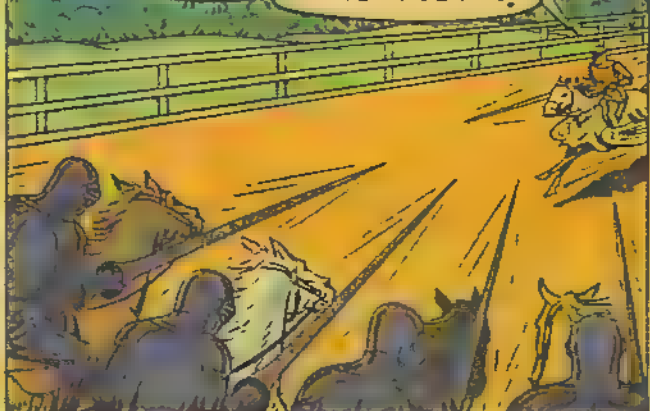
BUT THE RATS' PLANS GO WRONG AGAIN! NO SOONER HAVE THEY BEGUN TO ACT THAN...

LOOK! HIM AGAIN, BOSS! AND ZOUNDS, WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! LET'S GRAB SOME HORSES FROM THE STABLES.



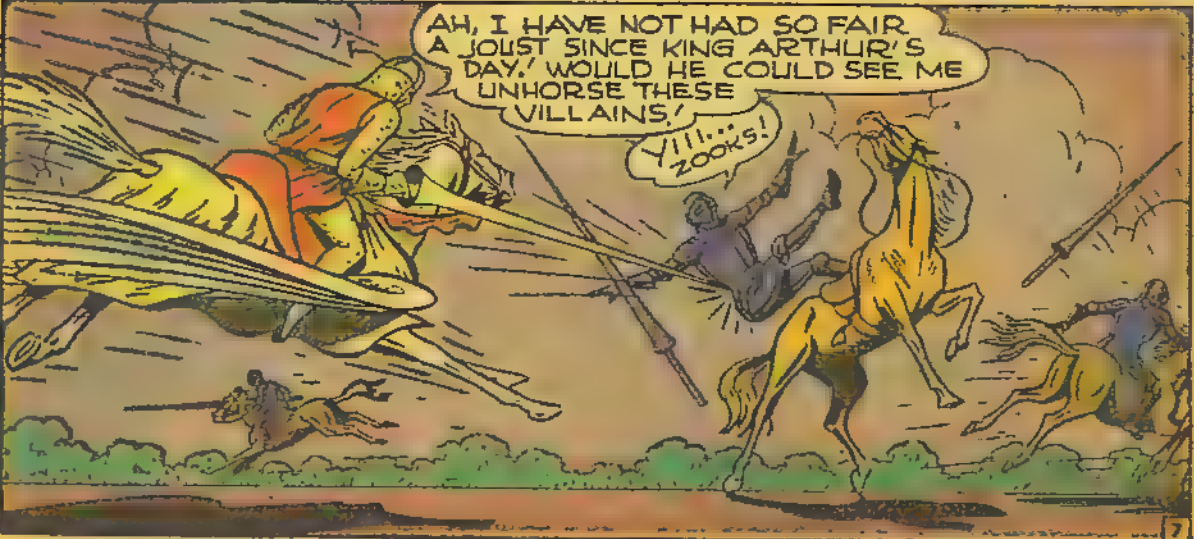
AND SO, AS THE SHINING KNIGHT DRAWS NEAR...

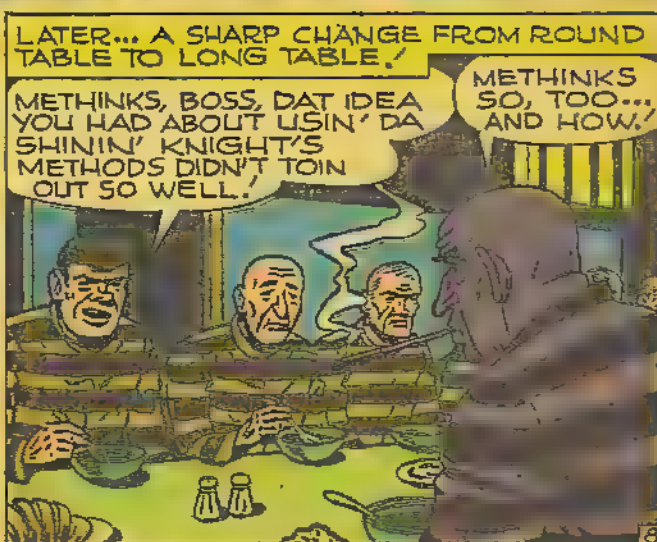
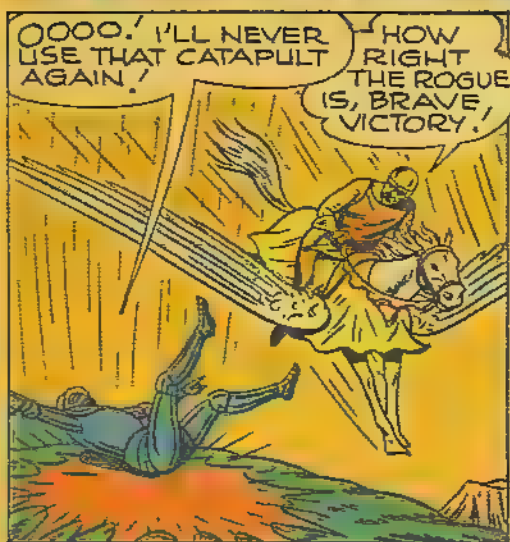
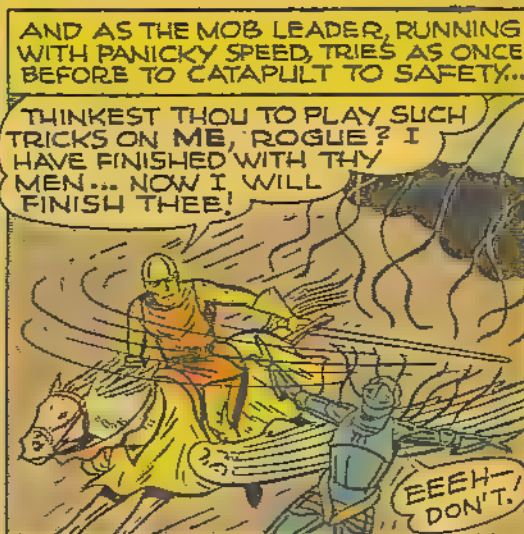
HOLA, ROGUES... A FOOT OR ON HORSE, YOU WILL STILL BE OVERTHROWN!



AH, I HAVE NOT HAD SO FAIR A JOUST SINCE KING ARTHUR'S DAY! WOULD HE COULD SEE ME UNHORSE THESE VILLAINS!

Vill... ZOOKS!





Thrilling!

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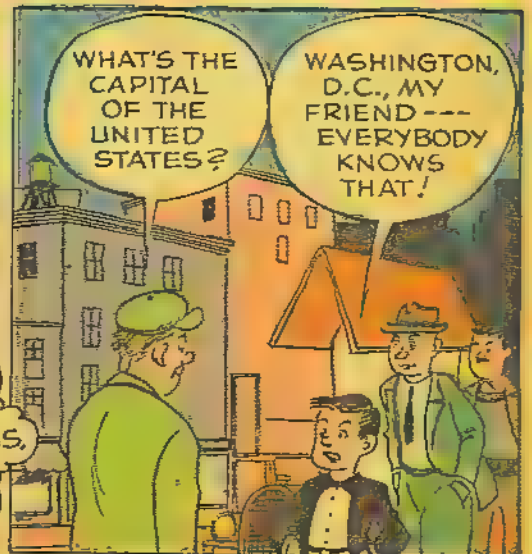
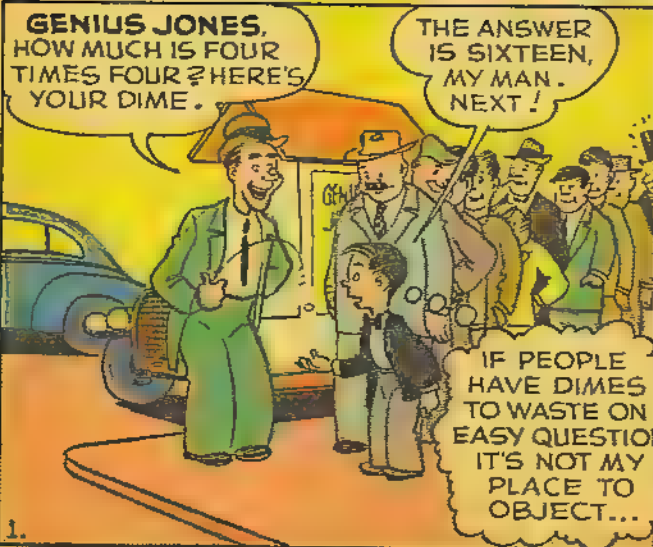
Featuring **PETE THE PEE**

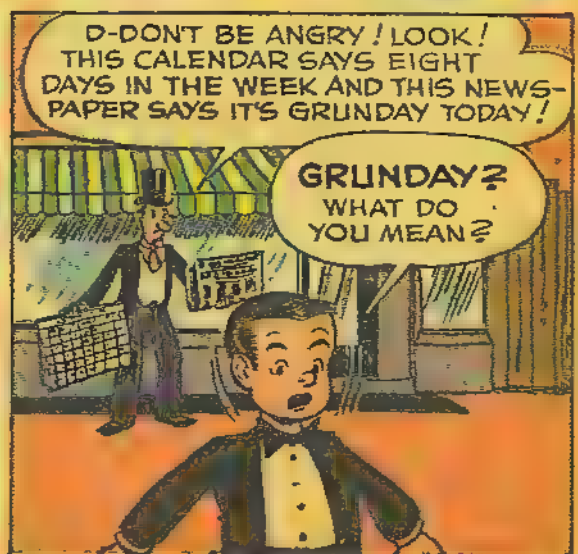
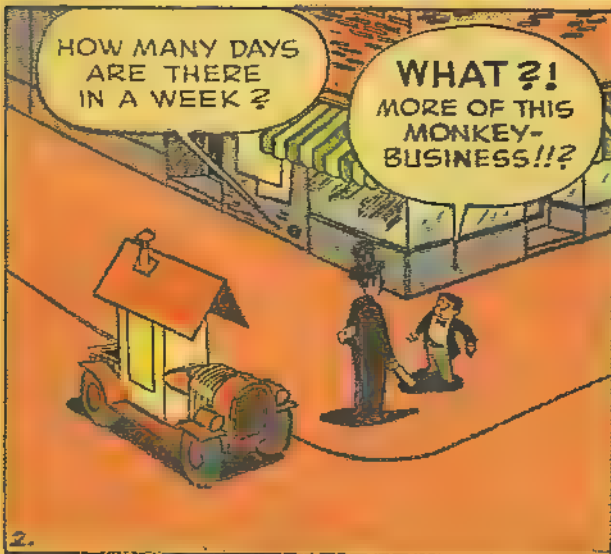
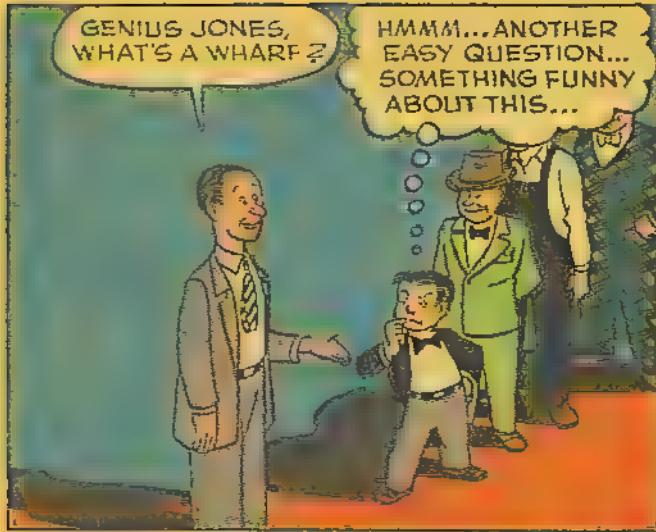


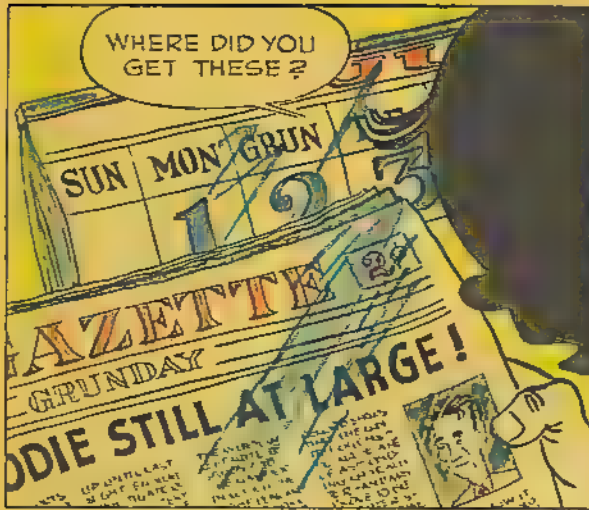
GENIUS JONES



"ASK ME SOMETHING EASY" ISN'T THE MOTTO OF GENIUS JONES! HE LIKES QUESTIONS THAT EXERCISE HIS BRAIN—SUCH AS WHATEVER BECAME OF...
THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK!



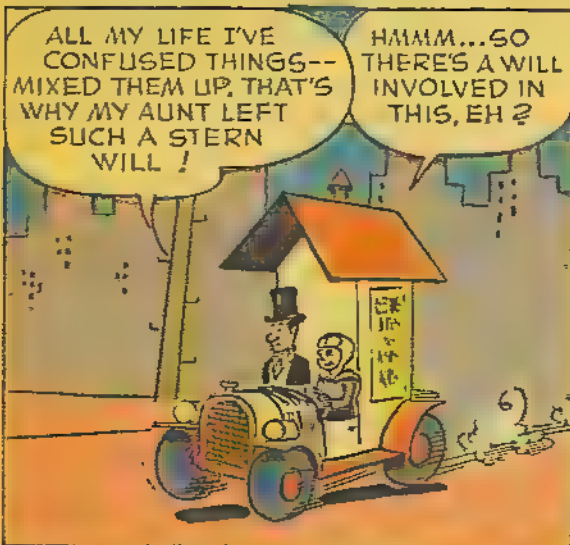




WHERE DID YOU
GET THESE?

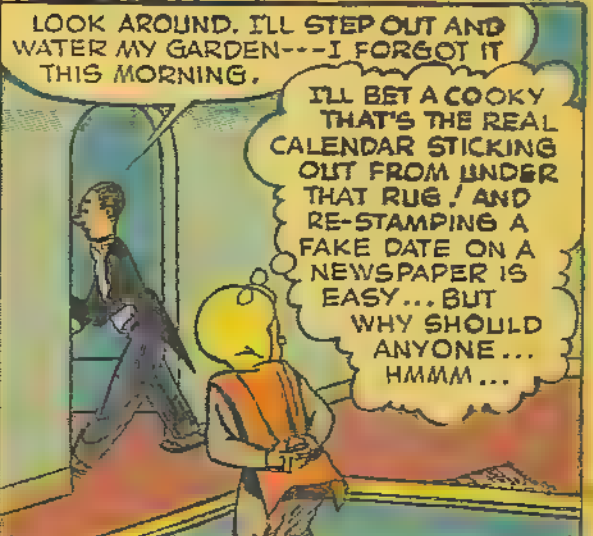
THEY'RE MY WALL CALENDAR AND MY
MORNING PAPER. I'M MR. B. WILDURD.
AND I THOUGHT TODAY WAS TUESDAY.
SEEMS STRANGE I'D FORGOTTEN
THERE WAS A GRUNDAY!

HMMM...LET'S
GO TO YOUR HOUSE,
MR. B. WILDURD!



ALL MY LIFE I'VE
CONFUSED THINGS--
MIXED THEM UP, THAT'S
WHY MY AUNT LEFT
SUCH A STERN
WILL!

HMMM...SO
THERE'S A WILL
INVOLVED IN
THIS, EH?

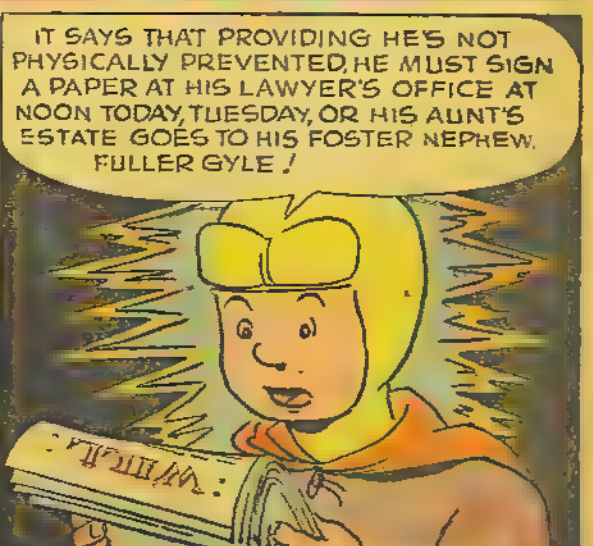


LOOK AROUND. I'LL STEP OUT AND
WATER MY GARDEN---I FORGOT IT
THIS MORNING.

I'LL BET A COOKY
THAT'S THE REAL
CALENDAR STICKING
OUT FROM UNDER
THAT RUG! AND
RE-STAMPING A
FAKE DATE ON A
NEWSPAPER IS
EASY... BUT
WHY SHOULD
ANYONE...
HMMM...



THE AUNT'S WILL.
RIGHT THERE
ON THE DESK!



IT SAYS THAT PROVIDING HE'S NOT
PHYSICALLY PREVENTED, HE MUST SIGN
A PAPER AT HIS LAWYER'S OFFICE AT
NOON TODAY, TUESDAY, OR HIS AUNT'S
ESTATE GOES TO HIS FOSTER NEPHEW,
FULLER GYLE!

BY THE FEEL OF THE ATMOSPHERE,
IT'S THREE MINUTES PAST ELEVEN RIGHT
NOW! I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM IT'S
TUESDAY!... MR. B. WILDURD!
**MR. B. WILDURD!!
COME QUICKLY!!**

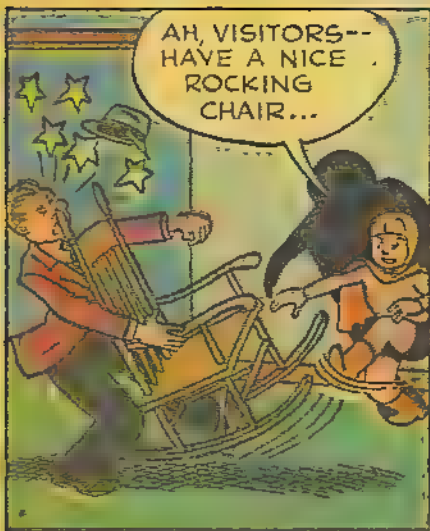


WE CAN STILL MAKE THIS THING
WORK! GRAB HIM, MEN!

HUH?



AH, VISITORS--
HAVE A NICE
ROCKING
CHAIR...



...AND CURL UP
WITH SOME BOOKS!



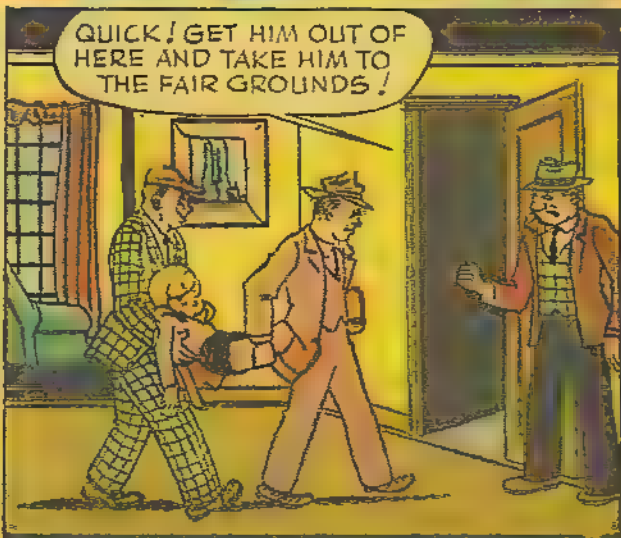
DRAW
UP CLOSE
TO THE
FIRE!



THAT GOT
HIM!



QUICK! GET HIM OUT OF
HERE AND TAKE HIM TO
THE FAIR GROUNDS!





WHILE ALL THIS
TIME, IN THE
GARDEN...

THE ROSES ARE GROWING
NICELY... WONDER WHAT
JONES IS DOING...
THOUGHT I HEARD HIM
CALL ME, BUT I MUST BE
MISTAKEN. IMAGINE...
TODAY IS GRUNDAY... AND
I'D NEVER NOTICED IT
BEFORE!



BY NOON
YOU'LL BE IN
THE CLOUDS,
GENIUS
JONES!

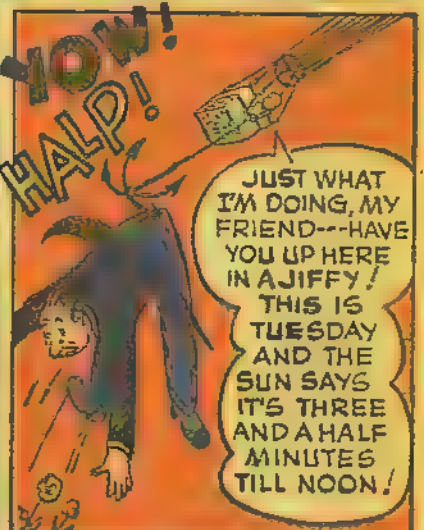


THE FIENDS!
WELL, THE WIND'S
BLOWING ME
BACK TO
TOWN.

HA!
HA!

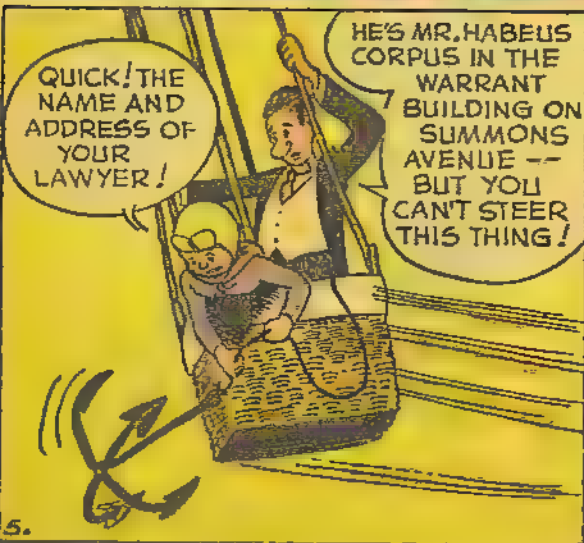


AH! THERE'S
MR. B. WILDURD
IN HIS GARDEN!
IF I CAN LOWER
THIS ANCHOR
IN TIME...



YOW!
HALP!

JUST WHAT
I'M DOING, MY
FRIEND---HAVE
YOU UP HERE
IN AJIFFY!
THIS IS
TUESDAY
AND THE
SUN SAYS
IT'S THREE
AND A HALF
MINUTES
TILL NOON!



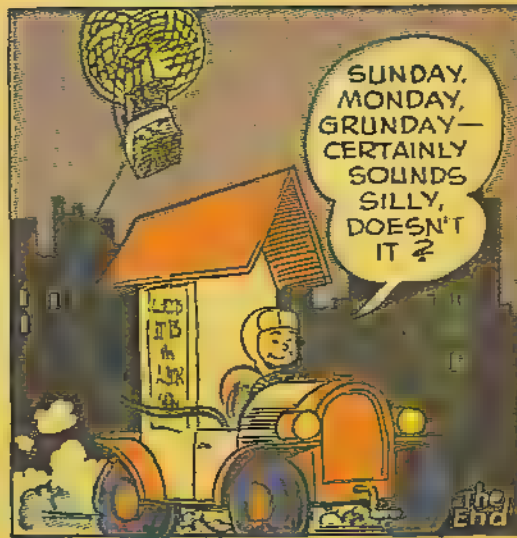
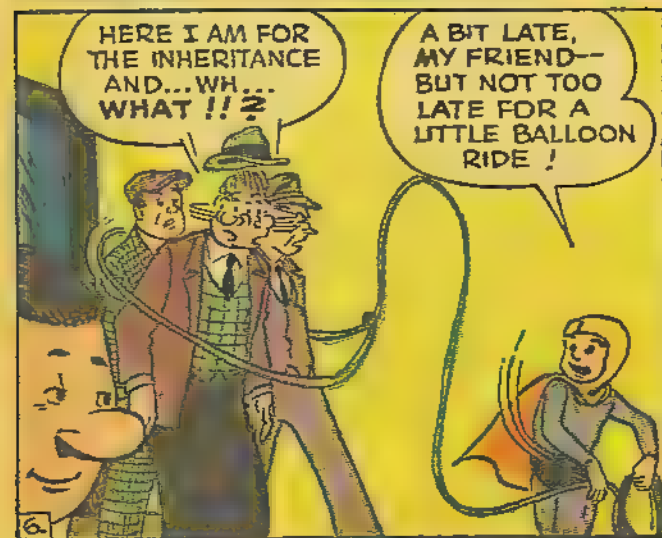
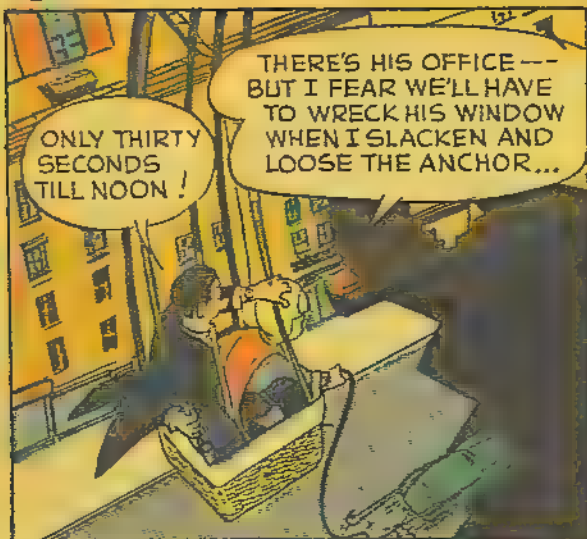
QUICK! THE
NAME AND
ADDRESS OF
YOUR
LAWYER!

HE'S MR. HABEUS
CORPUS IN THE
WARRANT
BUILDING ON
SUMMONS
AVENUE --
BUT YOU
CAN'T STEER
THIS THING!



DON'T HAVE
TO STEER
IT! HOOKED
A CAR GOING
THE RIGHT
WAY!

JONES, YOU'RE
MARVELOUS!



MIKE GIBBS

GUERRILLA



AT AMERICAN G.H.Q. IN CHINA AN OLD PROBLEM COMES UP AGAIN...

GENERAL, FOR OUR COMING OFFENSIVE WE NEED INFORMATION ABOUT THE JAP FORCES... BUT THE PRISONERS WE'VE TAKEN WON'T TALK.

WE'LL HAVE TO DEPEND ON OUR OWN SCOUTS, SIR.

THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS, FIGHTING WITH PRIMITIVE WEAPONS AGAINST A DE-MECHANIZED FOE, DEVELOPED INGENUOUS TRICKS THAT AGAIN AND AGAIN BAFFLED THE BEWILDERED JAPS. AND GUERRILLA-FAMED YANK WRITER-FIGHTER OF THE UNDER-GROUND, COUNTED ON HIS ALLIES TO ANNOY THE NIPS PLENTY WHEN HE UNDER-TOOK A SEEMINGLY IM-POSSIBLE MISSION... A MISSION THAT DEPENDED ON NIPPONESE COOPERATION TO SUPPLY...

"HONORABLE INFORMATION, PLEASE!"

BUT WAR CORRESPONDENT MIKE GIBBS, ALIAS GUERRILLA, HAS OTHER IDEAS.

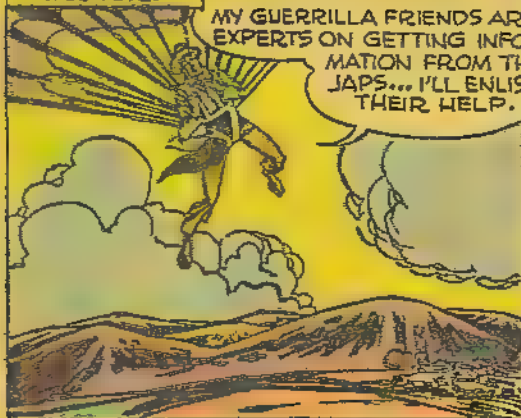
I KNOW JAP PSYCHOLOGY... I'LL GET YOU A PRISONER WHO'LL SPILL ANYTHING YOU WANT.

THINK SO, GIBBS? GO RIGHT AHEAD... AND BE READY FOR PLENTY OF KIDDING AFTER YOU'VE FAILED.



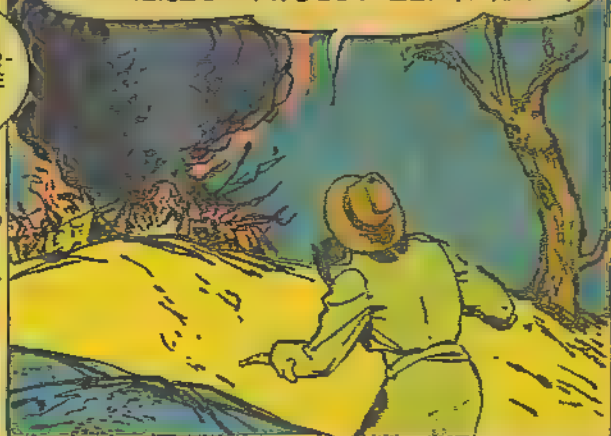


YES, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH GUERRILLA HAS TACKLED THE IMPOSSIBLE THIS TIME. BUT THE FAMED FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM HAS AN IDEA, AND SOON, IN GUERRILLA-HELD TERRITORY...

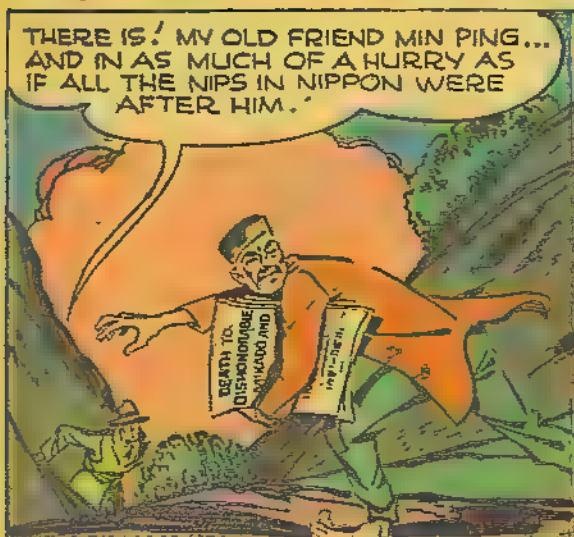


MY GUERRILLA FRIENDS ARE EXPERTS ON GETTING INFORMATION FROM THE JAPS... I'LL ENLIST THEIR HELP.

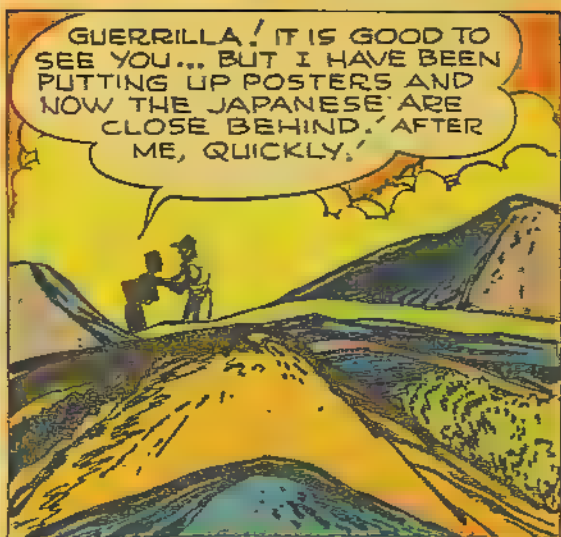
OH, OH, I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED. THE DIRTY JAPS HAVE BEEN HERE AND DESTROYED THE VILLAGE. WONDER IF THERE'S ANYBODY LEFT ALIVE?



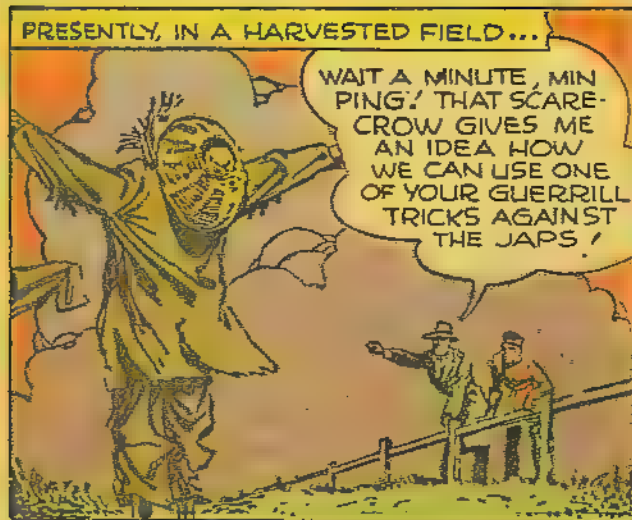
THERE IS! MY OLD FRIEND MIN PING... AND IN AS MUCH OF A HURRY AS IF ALL THE NIPS IN NIPPON WERE AFTER HIM.



GUERRILLA! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU... BUT I HAVE BEEN PUTTING UP POSTERS AND NOW THE JAPANESE ARE CLOSE BEHIND. AFTER ME, QUICKLY!



PRESENTLY, IN A HARVESTED FIELD...



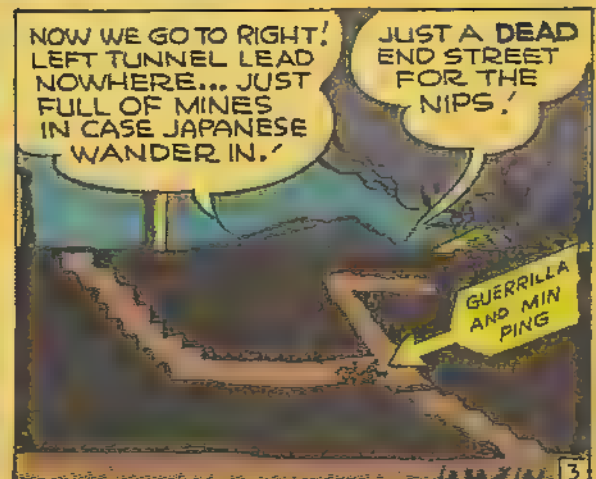
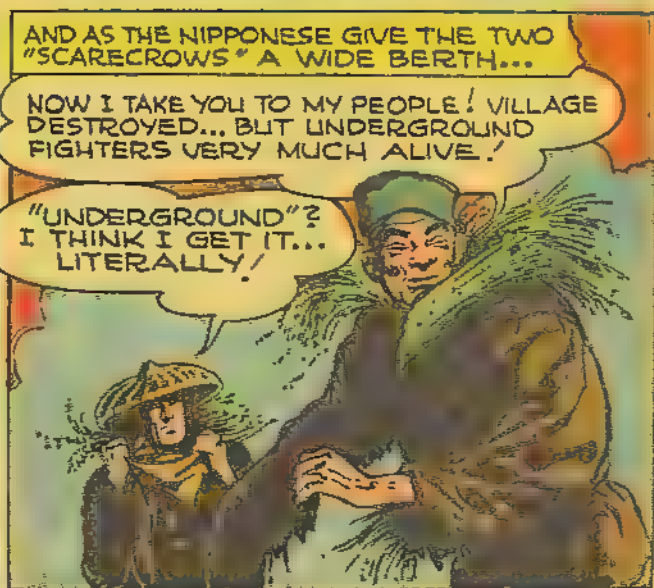
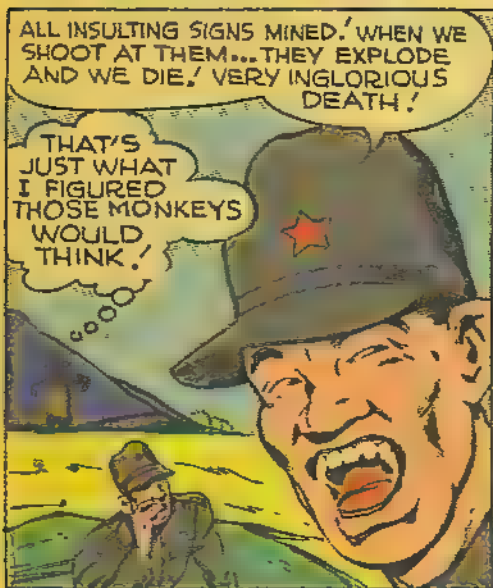
WAIT A MINUTE, MIN PING! THAT SCARECROW GIVES ME AN IDEA HOW WE CAN USE ONE OF YOUR GUERRILLA TRICKS AGAINST THE JAPS!

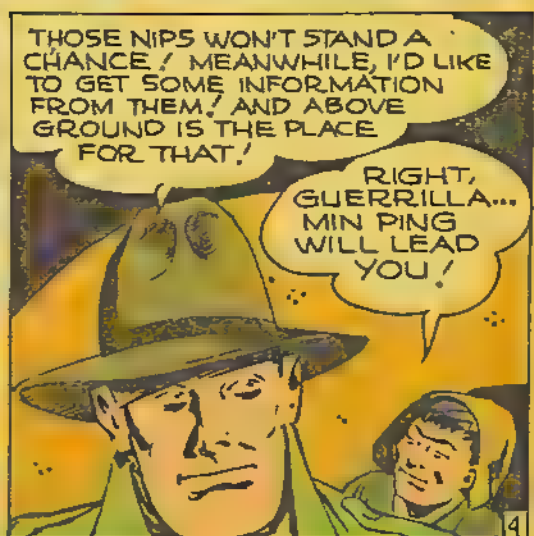
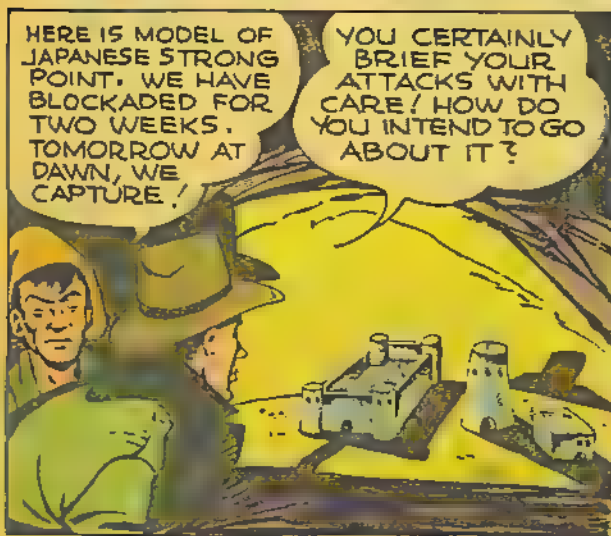
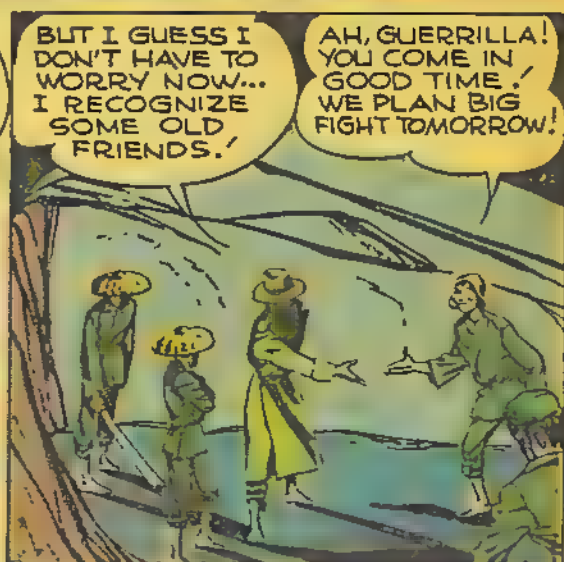
A QUICK CHANGE INTO RUSTIC COSTUME!



NOW WE'LL ADORN OURSELVES WITH THESE POSTERS TAUNTING THE NIPS!

DEATH TO DISHONORABLE MIKADO AND FOOLISH INVADERS!







SOON, THE GUERRILLAS HAVE TAPPED A NIPPONESE FIELD TELEPHONE LINE.

HELLO, CAPTAIN NAMURA? THIS COLONEL SHIMIZU... WISH TO KNOW SITUATION.

I HAVE JUST TAKEN OVER COMMAND... AND AM TOLD YOU SMARTEST OFFICER MIKADO HAS, AND CAN TELL ME EVERYTHING!

HONORABLE COLONEL TOO KIND. BUT IS TRUE I KNOW MUCH.



AND THEN, AS BAD LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, JUST AS THE PROUD CAPTAIN NAMURA IS ABOUT TO REVEAL HIGHLY PRIZED MILITARY INFORMATION...

MUST HANG UP, GUERRILLA... WE GET BUSY SIGNAL.

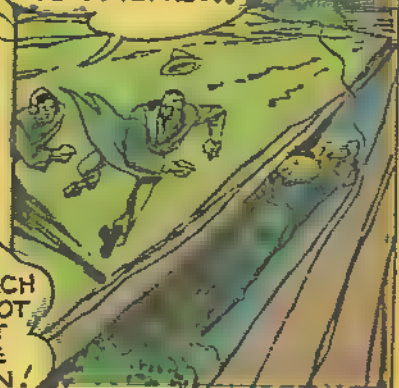
WHAT A ROTTEN BREAK!



AND AS THE ENRAGED MINIONS OF THE MIKADO PURSUE...

YOU MAKE GOOD DECOY, GUERRILLA! JAPANESE WISH TO CATCH YOU ALIVE...

MAYBE THIS GRENADE WILL TEACH THOSE NIPS NOT TO INTERRUPT A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION!

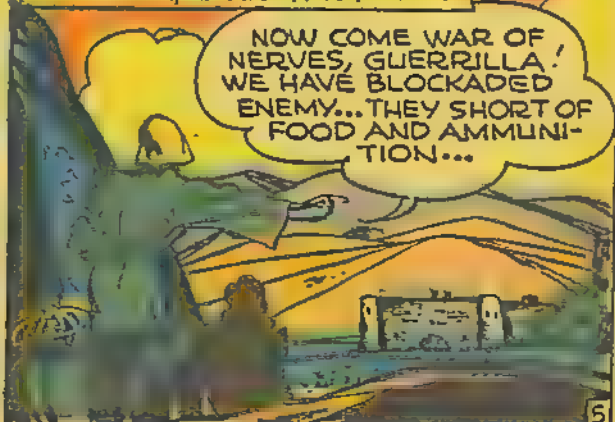


SO THEY RUN OVER MINE... WHICH HIDING COMRADE EXPLODE!



AND THEN, AS NIGHT FALLS...

NOW COME WAR OF NERVES, GUERRILLA! WE HAVE BLOCKADED ENEMY... THEY SHORT OF FOOD AND AMMUNITION...





WHILE WITHIN THE STRONGHOLD, CAPTAIN NAMURA RAGES.

COME BACK, STUPID ONES... MAY BE CHINESE TRICK!

MUST TAKE CHANCE, HONORABLE CAPTAIN... OTHERWISE STARVE!



SUDDENLY...

AAAA...



THEY FALL INTO TRAP! NOW WE ATTACK WHAT LEFT OF GARRISON!



DO NOT KILL THOSE WHO WISH TO SURRENDER!



ALSO DO NOT KILL CAPTAIN NAMURA! WE SAVE HIM FOR SPECIAL TORTURE!



TORTURE?

THAT'S QUITE UNLIKE THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS! AND AS IF THAT REMARK WEREN'T PUZZLING ENOUGH, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO GUERRILLA HIMSELF? HE SEEMS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!



AS THE GUERRILLAS BEGIN TO MARCH THEIR CAPTIVES AWAY...

AIIII...
NOW OUR TURN TO
BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE!
JAPANESE SEND
REINFORCEMENTS!

MANY THANKS TO
HONORABLE GENERAL!
NOW WE TAKE REVENGE
ON CHINESE PIGS!

A SWIFT SKIRMISH, AND THEN...

I JUST IN TIME, CAPTAIN NAMURA!
GENERAL WHO SEND ME REALIZE
HOW DESPERATE
SITUATION IS!



YES, WE PLAN NEW OFFENSIVE!
BUT FIRST GENERAL MUST KNOW
ALL ABOUT OUR
TROOPS!

YOU SAVE ME
FROM TORTURE...
I TELL EVERYTHING!
FIRST, ABOUT TROOPS
IN NORTH...

MILITARY INFORMATION SPILLS FROM
THE GRATEFUL NAMURA...AND THEN...

GENERAL WILL BE VERY HAPPY ABOUT
INFORMATION, HERE IS REWARD FOR
YOU, CAPTAIN NAMURA.

REWARD?
THIS...YANKEE
LINCOLN PENNY!
SIGN OF...



GUERRILLA!
AIIII... I TELL
YOU EVERY-
THING, I AM
FULL OF
DISHONOR!

YES, IMPOSSIBLE TO
MAKE YOU FEEL
WORSE, THAT
IS TORTURE
WE PLAN FOR
YOU!

MIN PING AND GUERRILLA SAY FARE-
WELL, AND AT G.H.Q., MIKE GIBBS
HAS ANOTHER SCOOP!

I DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU MANAGED
IT, GIBBS... BUT
YOU'VE BROUGHT
BACK EXACTLY THE
INFORMATION WE
WANTED.

IT WAS A CINCH,
GENERAL! THE
JAP CAPTAIN
COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN MORE
ANXIOUS TO
TALK IF I
HAD BEEN
ONE OF HIS
OWN MEN!



Mike
End

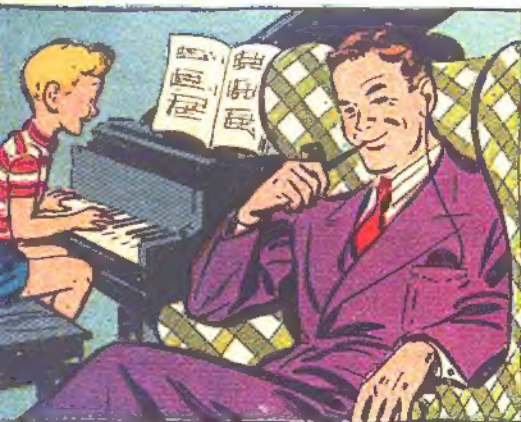
"VEST POCKET" POWER

Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.

HANDIE-TALKIE — five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring, auto racing.



BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID — lets Dad hear those first tunes. It is 4¾ by 2½ inches, weighs but 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.

• An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery—22½ volts of power—nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!



SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, now available.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.